

THAT MAGAZINE

\$6 THE MAGAZINE FOR THE BISEXUAL OF THE FUTURE **ISSUE 3**
2008

THE BUYING OF QUEER CULTURE
SUSIE BRIGHT'S EROTIC MANIFESTO
PARTY LIKE IT'S 1999
CREATING CHANGE REPORT
THE TROUBLE WITH BEING BISEXUAL



ANYTHING THAT MOVES:

The Magazine for the Bisexual of the Future

MOVE (MOOV): 1. TO ADVANCE, PROGRESS, OR MAKE PROGRESS. 2. TO CHANGE PLACE OR POSITION. 3. TO TAKE ACTION. 4. TO PROMPT, ACTUATE OR IMPEL INTO ACTION. 5. ACTION TOWARD AN END; A STEP. 6. TO SET IN MOTION; STIR OR SHAKE.

Our choice to use this title for the magazine has been nothing less than controversial. That we would choose to redefine the stereotype that "bisexuals will fuck anything that moves" to suit our own purposes has created myriad reactions. Those critical of the title feel we are perpetuating the stereotype and damaging our image. Those in favor of its use see it as a movement away from the stereotype, toward bisexual empowerment.

We deliberately choose the radical approach. We are creating dialogue through controversy. We are challenging people to face their own external and internal biphobia. We are demanding attention, and are re-defining "anything that moves" on our own terms.

WE WILL WRITE OR PRINT OR SAY ANYTHING THAT MOVES US BEYOND THE LIMITING STEREOTYPES THAT ARE DISPLACED ONTO US.

This magazine was created by bisexuals and their friends. All proceeds are invested into its production and the bisexual community. *ATM* was created out of pride; out of necessity; out of anger. We are tired of being analyzed, defined and represented by people other than ourselves — or worse yet, not considered at all. We are frustrated by the imposed isolation and invisibility that comes from being told or expected to choose either a homosexual or heterosexual identity.

Bisexuality is a whole, fluid identity. Do not assume that bisexuality is binary or duogamous in nature: that we have "two" sides or that we *must* be involved simultaneously with both genders to be fulfilled human beings. In fact, don't assume that there are only two genders. Do not mistake our fluidity for confusion, irresponsibility, or an inability to commit. Do not equate promiscuity, infidelity, or unsafe sexual behavior with bisexuality. Those are human traits that cross *all* sexual orientations. Nothing should be assumed about anyone's sexuality — including your own.

We are angered by those who refuse to accept our existence; our issues; our contributions; our alliances; our voice. It is time for the bisexual voice to be heard. Do not expect each magazine to be representative of all bisexuals, for our diversity is too vast. Do not expect a clear-cut definition of bisexuality to jump out from the pages. We bisexuals tend to define bisexuality in ways that are unique to our own individuality.

There are as many definitions of bisexuality as there are bisexuals. Many of us choose not to label ourselves as anything at all, and find the word "bisexual" to be inadequate and too limiting. Do not assume that the opinions expressed are shared by all bisexuals, by those actively involved in the bisexual movement, or by the *ATM* staff.

What you can expect is a magazine that, through its inclusive and diverse nature, creates movement away from external and internal limitations. This magazine is about **ANYTHING THAT MOVES**: that moves us to think; that moves us to fuck (or not); that moves us to feel; that moves us to believe in ourselves —

To Do It For Ourselves!

ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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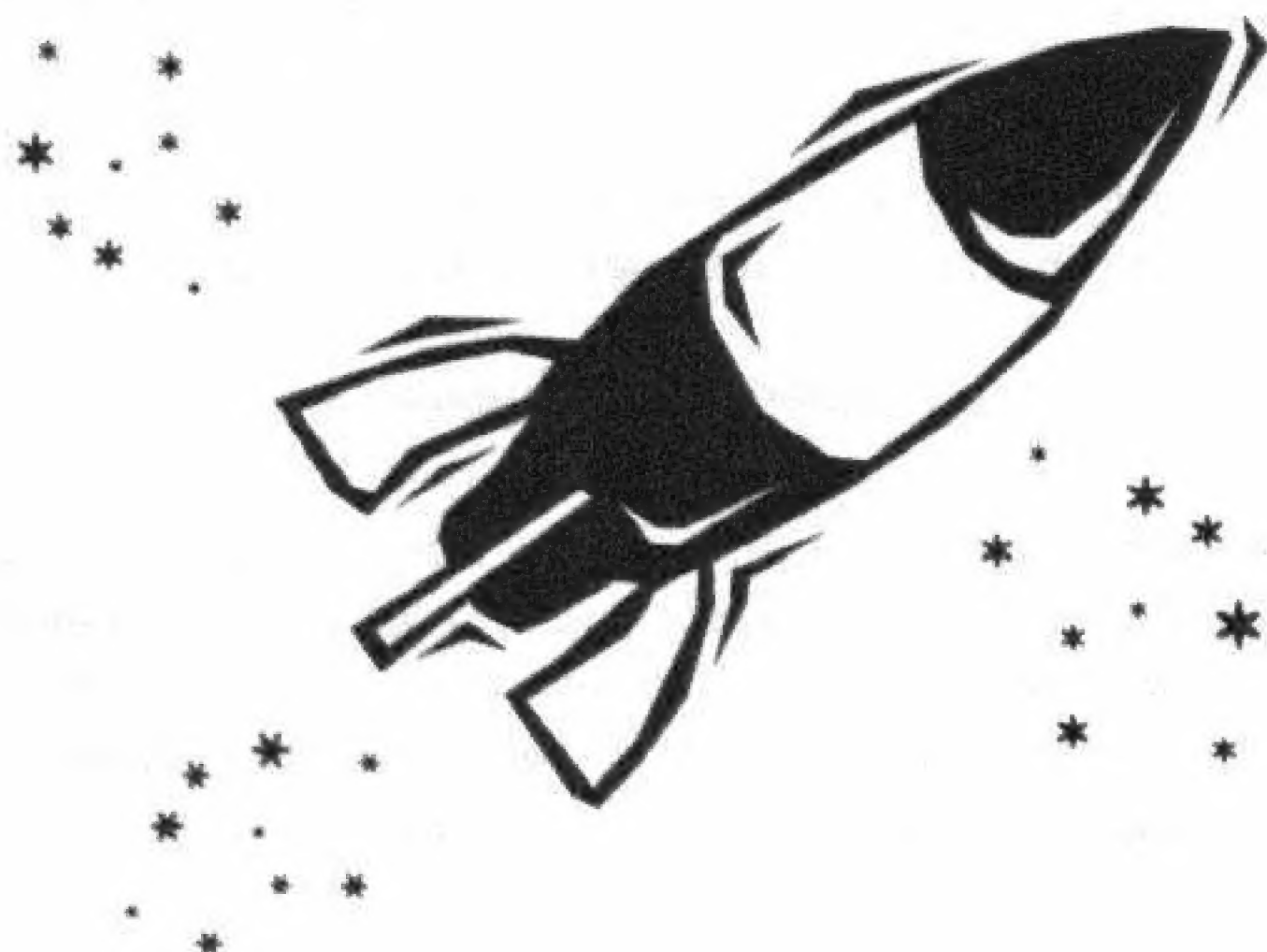
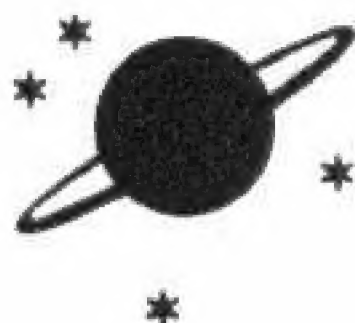
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ANYTHING THAT MOVES

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SOYLENT GREEN IS PEOPLE!

I know two things about the future, two things that I can say with absolute certainty, absolute clarity, with no doubt whatsoever in my mind:

The first thing is this: Never label *anything* as the "such-and-such" of the future. See, the problem with waiting for the future to arrive is that it always takes so long to get here. Like Christmas, for example. Or school vacation. Or your 21st birthday. Or this issue.

Especially this issue. For a while, we were afraid it would *never* get here. From cash flow problems back in December — the traditional ones that always plague volunteer-run non-profit organizations — to computer crashes that set us almost a month behind our (revised) schedule, it's been, well, more of a labor of love than usual to bring this issue from our minds and our contributors' words to your waiting hands.

However, it's here, and we're pretty damn proud of it. We've got a bunch of great writers with ideas, suggestions, and demands about where we between-the-lines, straddling-the-fence types ought to aim ourselves. We don't expect you to agree with them all; as a matter of fact, we'll be happier if you don't agree with some of them — that's the way discussions start happening, and that's the way we build a future *together*.

The second thing I know about the future is: It's already here. I've been a fan of science fiction since I was old enough to read it, and I know all the staples of the genre, from super-intelligent computers to clones to the melding of man and machine.

It's already here. Scientists recently announced that they could successfully transplant a person's *head* — they can't graft the nerves yet, but even so, it's more than I ever thought I'd see in my lifetime. Those wacky Scottish folks hve cloned not only sheep, but pigs, and I really hope it won't be too long before we can see cloned pig organ replacements and other really useful advancements. (As opposed to simply using this technology to xerox pigs, which is indeed nifty in itself but is really only the tip of the iceberg.)

What does this have to do with the bi agenda? Everything. There is no more "someday," no more "soon". The future is *now*. We have the ability to see true change in our lifetime, on a personal, local, national and global level. But we won't see it if we keep waiting for the future to arrive, or keep reacting to past events and others' agendas, be they the Religious Right, the Millennium March, or even the anti-March queer factions. It's time to catch up to our future and decide what *we*, us fence-straddlers and gender outlaws, want it to be.

The future is *already* happening, and we're letting other folks shape it.

This is not, repeat, *not* to trivialize or deingrate the amazing work activists and allies like BiNet USA and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force have already accomplished. We wouldn't be nearly as close to some of our goals without their hard work and tireless dedication. *They're* not the ones we're talking about.

Rather, we hope our feature focus will catalyze the rest of us, who have often let others do our thinking and planning for us, to figure out what *we* really want out of a bisexual movement, and how exactly we can get there from where we are.

So what literary catalysts do we have for you? First off, journalist Keith Bowers tackles the buying of the queer community in "Out of the Closet, Into the Shopping Mall" — by supporting advertisers like Anheuser Busch, he asks, do we really help our cause, or are we just selling out?

Next, in "Kid Sister Activism", outspoken bi activist Wendy Curry steps up to bat with a controversial proposition: Should the bisexual community stop working with the gay and lesbian community and focus more on lobbying for issues that are specifically important to us?

In "Party Like It's 1999", Leah Piepzna-Samarasinha addresses how and why queers of color split off from the Queercore, Riot Grrl and other radical movements of the early nineties, and where they need to go from here.

And on a community-wide level, Susie Bright shares her agenda for sexual freedom with "Roll Your Own Erotic Manifesto", an excerpt from her new book, *Full Exposure*.

Perhaps our most controversial submission, Dan-E Boy's "Declaration" argues in favor of outing as a means not only for political change, but also for providing role models, community support, and freedom through visibility.

On a lighter side, pseudonymous Carmina Burrito presents "So This Greek God Walks Into a Bar..." — sometimes catching up to the present is hard enough without worrying about the future. And finally, erotica author M. Christian offers up "Fully Accessorized, Baby," a hot, gender-bending piece of cyberpunk smut set in a future where technology has truly exceeded the limitations of mere flesh and bones.

Welcome to the future. Let's create it together.

Linda Howard has two cats, two fiancées, two jobs, and too little time on her hands. Besides being editrix of this rag, she must do something with her life, but she can't remember what it is right now. However, she knows it when she sees it, and she's sure that she enjoys it when it happens.

LETTERS: CYBER, SNAIL, AND PSYCHIC

TIME FOR A PANSEXUAL FLAG

What's bisexual about a proposed flag of "three horizontal stripes: magenta, turquoise and royal blue"? (*ATM* #20) Mainstream America gender-labels girl babies with pink or pale red, boys with pale blue, so strangers can more easily make unfounded predictions of beauty for infant femmes fatales, or (not and) athletic prowess for minuscule male Hulks. When baby pink and baby blue mix, or overlap, we get pale purple, called lavender — a truly gynandrous shade. So if bisexuals are allowed only three colors on their flag, these should be vertical stripes of baby pink, queer lavender and baby blue. Such a bisexual tri-color flag would be bi-separatist, even *less* inclusive than the current version(s) of the Rainbow Flag — a bold step backward.

Don't pansexuality and polyamory tend to imply multi-complicity, interdependence, universality? Should Pan and Polly propose a rainbow variant which would be *more* inclusive?

Imagine the six-striped rainbow flag, displayed with red at the top (although its designer says it has no top nor bottom, no right nor left). Above the red stripe, add a pink one, then a light brown stripe, and finally a stripe of black, making nine stripes in all. The expanded rainbow would now include stylized (non-realistic) allusions to several skin colors — pink for so-called white folks, yellow for East Asians, light brown for most of the human species, and black for persons of African, Dravidian and Melanesian descent. Lastly, add a heart (color may vary) in the lower right corner. Various groups may choose different colors for the heart — green for ecology, black for anarchy, grey for elders, etc. This more inclusive banner would be called The Love Flag. Through it, queer communities would invite support from all humans who favor love over hate, freedom over tyranny, and ecology over destruction of our Mother Earth.

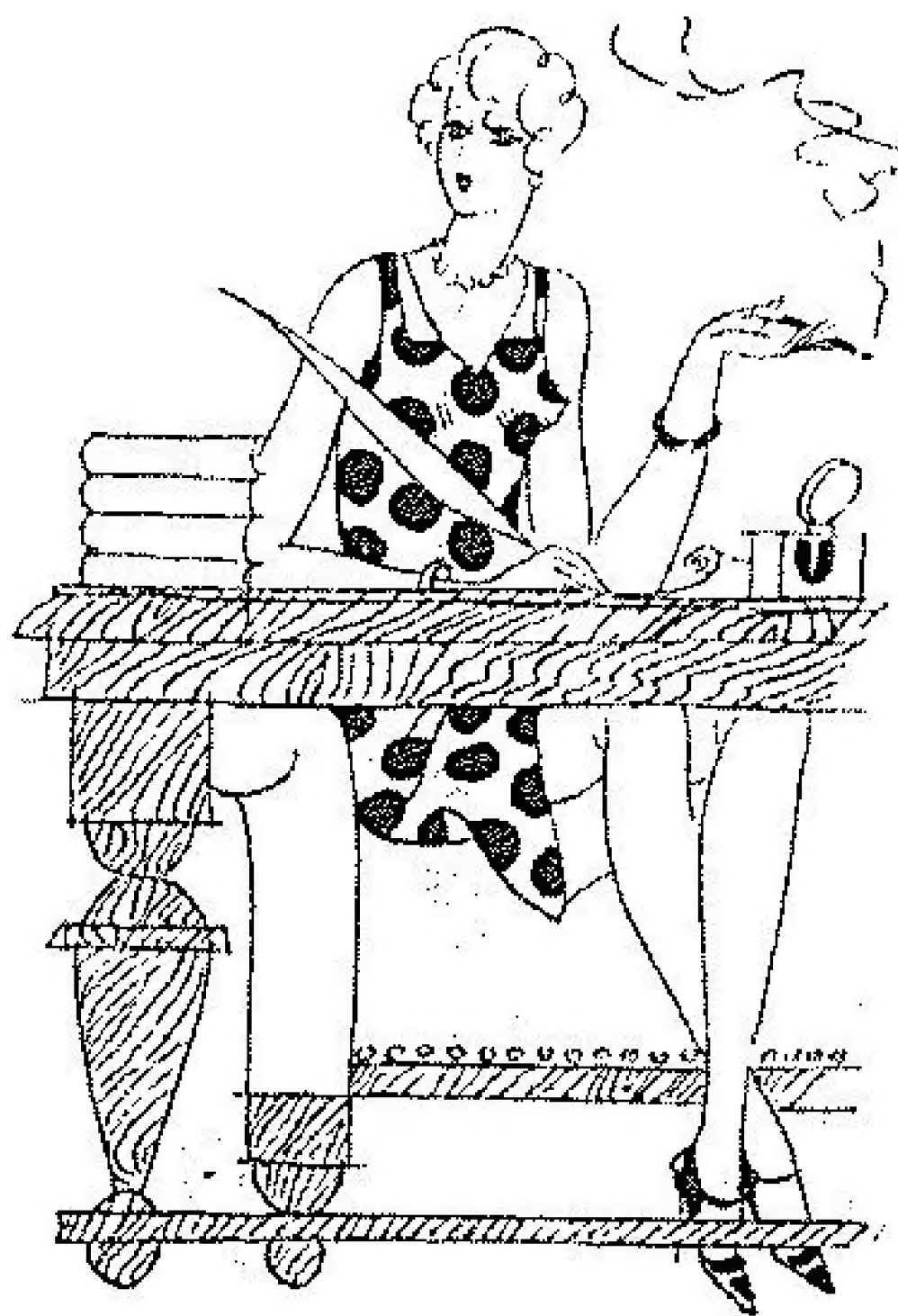
Patrick Brown, Berkeley
Tortuga Bi Liberty, San Francisco
for Senior Unlimited Nudes

LOVE THE MAG!

I'm with a group called the Acceptance Coalition, or the AX CO. We are a group

of gay, bi, les, trans, questioning and straight teens working for an equal environment for our school. We, the bis in our group, wanted to say that we love the magazine and would like to know if anything is going on where we live. Thanks much!

Adelle Star
Syracuse, NY



"ZOOPHILES"? WHAT THE ..?

I am somewhat repulsed by a letter to the editor in issue #17 concerning 'zoophiles.' Great, yet another '-phile', '-ity', and '-ism' for the sexually confused. Actually, it's a rather fascinating concept while at the same time very perverse: relationships with horses... outrageous! What next? Vegetables? What is *Anything That Moves*' position on the concept of zoophiles? I am only considering it a concept at this point. I don't buy it. It would be interesting to ask him/her *why* s/he thinks the way s/he does. If you know, enlighten me. Humour me. What I would ask: Are you happy? Are you enjoying this type of relationship? Is it a sexual relationship? Besides *Anything That Moves*, do you keep it to yourself? Is it shameful? Let me know. It has caught my attention to the logical limits. What do you know? What do you think?

Mumbles Olsson
via cyberspace

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Dear Editrix,

Hello from the great Northwest. My name is Jayson Barsic and I publish/edit and write a bit for a 'zine called *Willyboy*. The 'zine is about transsexual/transgender issues. A friend of mine just alerted me to the fact that Kathryn Page alluded to one of my articles in Issue #20 of *Anything That Moves*. I have the article ("In Remembrance of the Dead") sitting here in front of me as I write to you. It's weird. I kind of feel speechless (countless friends of mine will tell you, this is an unusual condition for me)...

In Issue #6 of *Willyboy*, I wrote a rather impassioned and angry article criticizing Jan Steckel's "I Just Do This to Impress Gay Men" and criticizing *ATM* for publishing it. I am impressed and totally relieved to see the admission that you all let some transphobia pass you by and that you were willing to take a look at what I had to say. Often times when someone responds to oppression with anger (like I did), the oppressors only get defensive and strike back again, this time harder. I'm glad to see that *ATM* didn't do that. There was so much transphobia in Steckel's article that I truly did not believe *ATM* would publish a letter opposing her. I just couldn't see how that slipped by all of you. Thank god that Max had the intestinal fortitude to talk to Kathryn Page "without rancor", as she puts it. I do not always possess that skill when I am feeling trampled by transphobia. I tend to rant and rave. Guess that's why I publish a 'zine.

I have to tell you that as an editorial staff of one, I can totally relate to having the struggle between censorship of an author's thoughts vs. providing an open forum. I know that I have also made mistakes in the past with what I have or have not decided to publish.

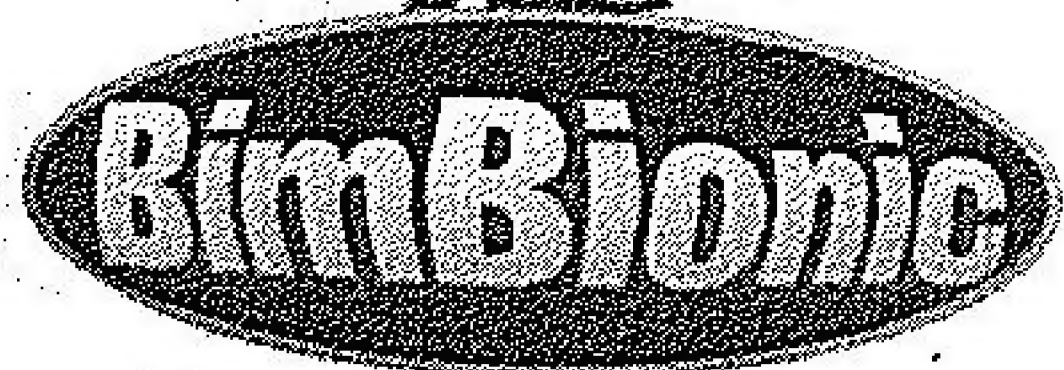
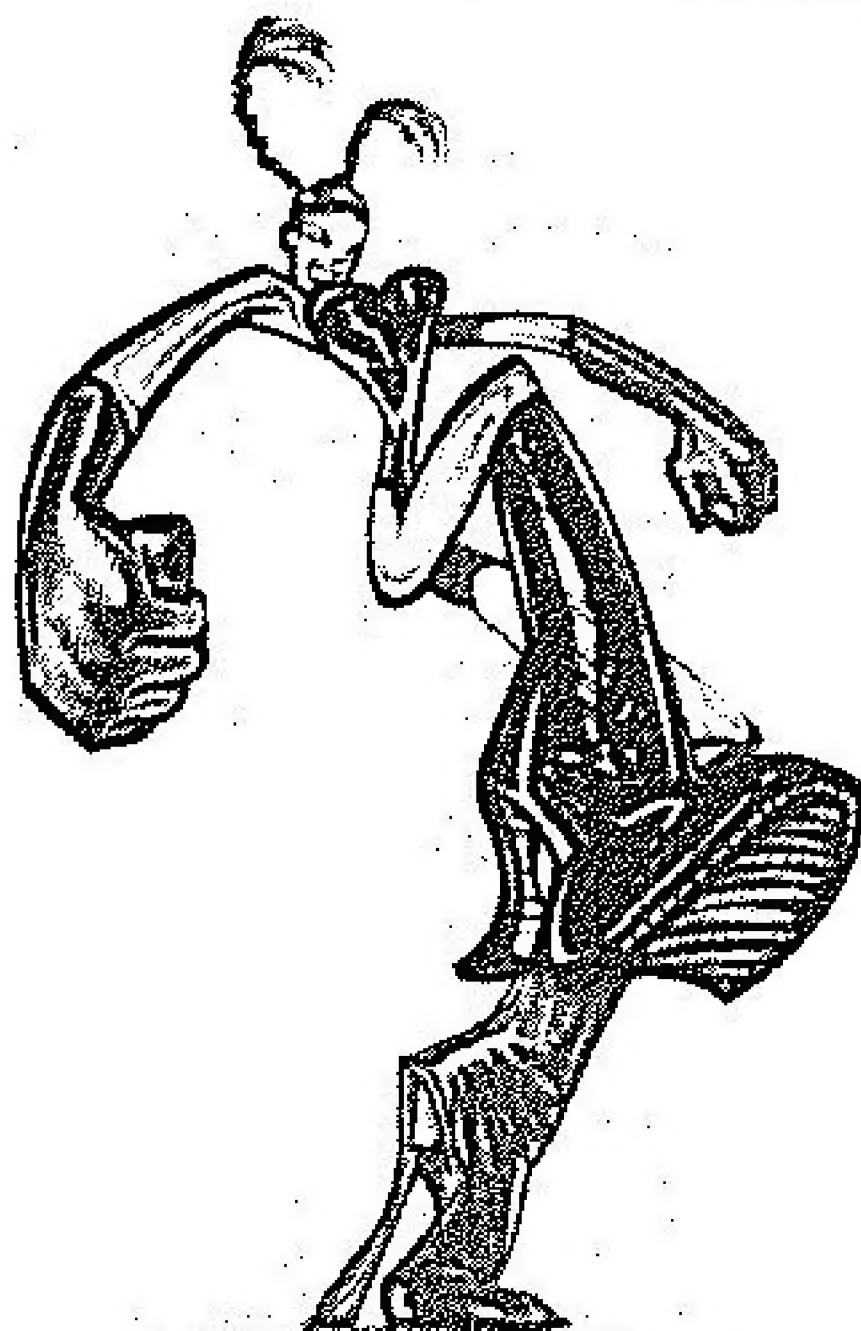
I'm wondering... Why is it that Kathryn Page mentioned that she had read my article and seen my 'zine, but did not mention my name or the name of my 'zine? It's odd. All of my

See "Letters" (p.4)



About the Cover Artist

New York-based artist Michiko Stehrenberger has created character designs for MTV, Coca-Cola, Steve Madden shoes, Burton Snowboards, Sony Playstation, and other music and fashion clientele in the U.S. and Japan.



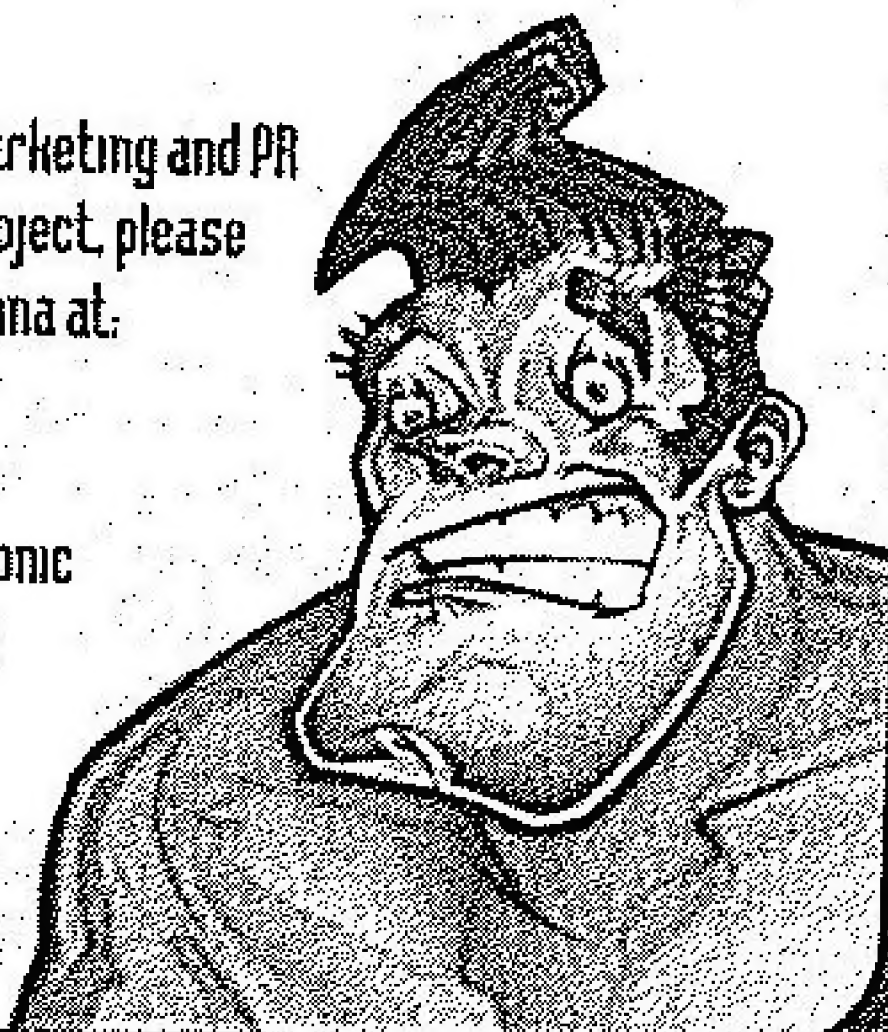
Perfect Girls for an Imperfect World

Michiko's animated short-film for BimBionic is currently starting production with an indie team of Oscar-winning animators and technical directors from Nickelodeon and Blue Sky Studios. On a shoe-string budget (half a shoe-string, actually!) our creative team is seeking volunteers and sponsors for our project in the areas of publicity, distribution, merchandising and marketing.

To sponsor us or volunteer your marketing and PR savvy, or for further info on our project, please contact our producer Ann Marie Spina at: annmarie@michiko.com

and feel free to check out the BimBionic section online at www.michiko.com

Thanks!



www.michiko.com

Letters (from p.3)

contact information was in the inside cover of that 'zine and both Gwen Smith and Max know me personally, so it's not like I'm unreachable. I'm not trying to grab the spotlight here (oh okay, maybe I'm a bit of a starfucker...), but it was really odd to read about myself as "someone who is also FTM" when Kathryn most assuredly had access to my name on that article and also to me. Feels like a strange kind of erasure. I don't know about you, but my heart and soul goes into every single word that I write and publish. I certainly don't do it for the glamour and adoration. Nor the riches. Ha! I would at least like to be credited for my own writing. So while we are remembering our dead (which is totally worthwhile, I might add!), how about at least naming the living?

All my best,
Jayson Barsic
Seattle, WA 98146

itous remark. How many people at A&F had to sign off on this slur and deem it okay for publication? Remember, this is the company that uses half-naked, pouting boys in *all* of its marketing — to lure... whom, exactly?

The three letters I wrote to A&F received no reply. I finally emailed GLAAD, who sent a generic response and has not publicly reported the offense. When GLAAD wants to renew your membership, let them know about the A&F incident and that you will not be renewing. When the new A&F quarterly arrives in the mail, or when you're thinking about heading to the A&F Web site or store, ask yourself, "Should I give them my 'faggy' money?" I encourage every reader to contact A&F and GLAAD about this shameful episode.

Robert Bass
San Francisco, CA

TOO "FAGGY" FOR ABERCROMBIE & FITCH?

In December, I saw the word "faggy" used on the Abercrombie & Fitch Web site. The context was an interview with "Joe Model Dude" about some hot new car. Dude loved the car, but dissed what he called "faggy BMWs." The same article also appeared in the A&F winter quarterly.

The use of "faggy" by a less-than-evolved straight boy is, sadly, all too common. But it was unconscionable for A&F to print this idiot's hurtful, grati-

INTERCRURAL, REVISITED

In the summer issue (#20)'s advice column, someone asked about intercrural sex, and Aunt Andrea commented that it should have a much shorter name. Well, it does: "frottage". Frottage is also sometimes used to describe rubbing one's genitalia against other parts of the body (stomach, buttocks) in order to get sexual pleasure.

Regards,
Mike
via cyberspace

Send your thoughts, criticisms, praise, questions, xeroxed body parts, whatever, to: Letters to the Editor, Anything That Moves, 2261 Market St. #496, San Francisco, California 94114-1600 USA, or email: letters@anythingthatmoves.com. Letters may be edited for length. Unless you tell us not to, we will print your name. Aliases or anonymous letters are, of course, respected, but please send us your real name, and we won't tell anybody you wrote us if you don't want us to.

Out of the Closet. Into the Shopping Mall:

The Buying of Queer Culture

By Keith Bowers

Corporate America is finally courting queers. Gay men and lesbians, at least, are getting more economic recognition. Bud Light now buys ads in gay glossies. Hollywood makes queer-theme movies. But does this reflect a victory in the revolution, or is big business invading queer culture and killing its daring sensibility? Should we take to the streets and celebrate, or run for cover and regroup?

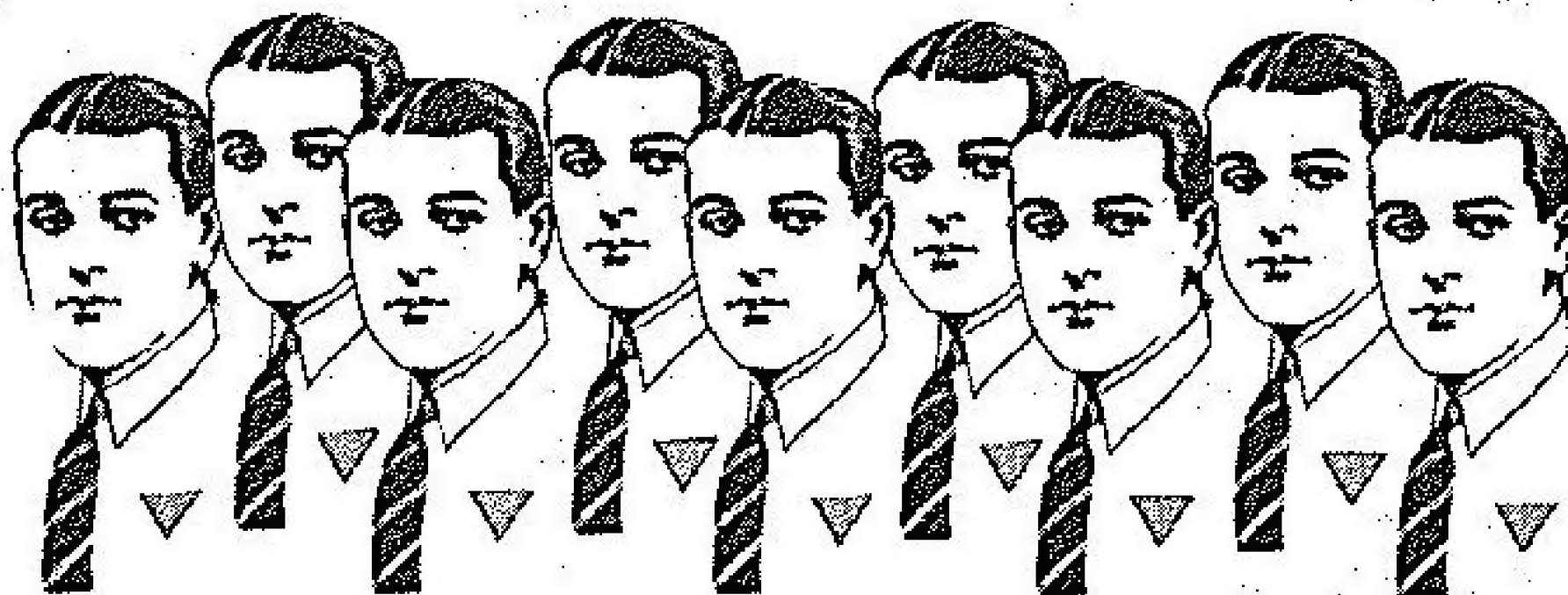
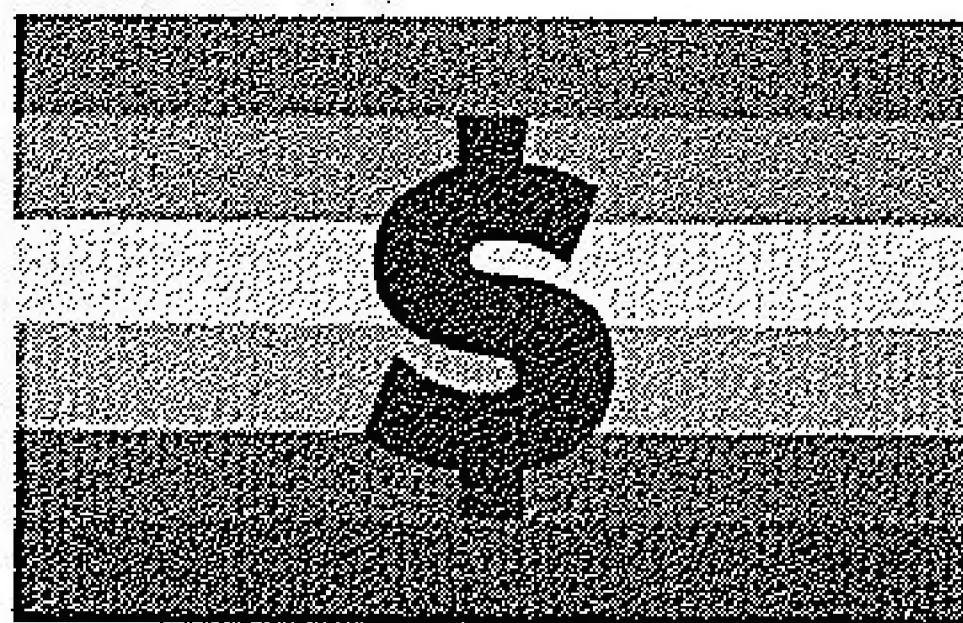
Let's start in San Francisco. In recent years commercial conformity has overtaken the Castro district, the so-called epicenter of gay America. Most everything has been paved with sameness. I suppose the Castro is more vocal about its gayness in some ways, but it's much less shocking and flamboyant than it was when I lived there in the late 1980s. High-end restaurants and pricey specialty shops have replaced most of the casual diners and neighborhood bars. Tom Selleck clones, cigar-chomping bears and high-fashion pansies have replaced the edgy and extravagant types who once had the run of the land. With so much new money pouring into this gay ghetto, I have to wonder: Are corporations buying queer culture out from under us?

You bet they are.

Mass marketers invade

Here in Sexual Mecca, proof of queer assimilation is everywhere. Just take a walk in the Cash-Flow — er, Castro — or pick up a queer glossy. In the September 1999 *Out*, a Kenneth Cole ad confesses Madison Avenue's plot: "You can change an

outfit, you can outfit change, or both." Translation: These shoes are part of the official gay male uniform. In the September 1999 *Curve*, a Bud Light ad says: "Be yourself and make it a Bud Light." Hmm. Real lesbians drink cheap beer? It's a stretch, but Bud's going for it.



DAPHNE PHILLIPS

All this might be "out and proud," but it also herds queer culture toward the economic mainstream and waters down once-radical identities. Want proof? Peruse the ads in a gay or lesbian glossy — bisexuals don't exist in this world — and then scan a mainstream mag like *Esquire* or *People*. You can hardly tell the difference. Even the stories in today's queer mags resemble *People*'s celebrity gossip rather than useful news about furthering queer rights. (*The Advocate* is a possible exception.) Most advertisers in these gay mags employ the same fear and self-loathing tactics they use in straight markets.

High-end models promote this brand of trousers or that gay resort, and the only way queer readers can appease the creeping insecurity is to buy.

When all's said and done, you can't hope to escape the influence of merchandising and marketing today. As society moves faster and we're overwhelmed by information, it's tempting to adopt a packaged identity through clothes and products that bear names, slogans or symbols. This idea isn't lost on the gay community. Did you recently come out of the closet? Great. Then go buy some rainbow-flag stickers to prove it — and

See "Shopping Mall" (p.6)

"Shopping Mall" (from p.5)

while you're at it, get some rainbow-flag caps, T-shirts, key chains, wind socks and turkey basters.

Hey, world, I'm queer! Well, yes, but you've also bought into a marketing scheme and fanned the flames of conformity.

Hey, world, I'm different! Well, perhaps, but you're also the same.

One queer, indivisible

Here you might ask: What's the problem? Such icons help queers live out in the open.

Okay, that much is true. But these mass-produced cultural icons reinforce a single queerness — or should I say, gayness — a model that excludes certain populations. Take me, for example: I'm bisexual, I habitually flirt with boys in any setting, and I've always felt at home among deviants. But I'd never buy a rainbow flag. The symbol doesn't fit me. And I'm not about to change how I live to fit the mold. Problem is, a lot of folks are willing to change for a sense of belonging and a little more clout. That's what identity politics is all about.



Mass production thus helps develop a seeming contradiction: mainstream gay. As more big companies court this market without fear of conservative backlash, more queers jump on the bandwagon. The bigger the bandwagon, the more companies follow. As the cycle continues, queer identity is dumbed down to a single type: happy, wealthy, urban

fags and dykes with rainbow flags stuck to everything they own. Many of these buyers unquestioningly support all things gay and lesbian. Big business loves blind devotion like this, because it virtually guarantees that queers will buy "queer" products. Out of the closet, into the shopping mall.

This illustrates a shift in values. As the queer mainstream gets more safe and complacent, the next generation is in danger of following Kenneth Cole and Anheuser-Busch rather than political activism. Prosperity breeds apathy, and the shared sense of oppression becomes secondary. Activism declines, companies make money, and queers maintain a clear conscience. But while drinking from the mainstream watering trough, the movement will lose all association with revolution or counterculture. Eventually, it will no longer be able to buck the trend, because it will *be* the trend.

In *The Rise and Fall of Gay Culture* (Ballantine Books, 1997), Daniel Harris writes that sexual minorities shouldn't think they can "use" Madison Avenue to gain acceptance and further their cause. In the end, he says, big business will use queerness to make more money, and the "gay ethnicity" will be diluted and

assimilated into the mainstream, its personality and political clout washed away.

The queer mainstream parallels the straight one in another, more dangerous way. As Oz comes to look more like Kansas, radical (and often politically active) elements are forced to the fringes. A good example of this is the leather-BDSM community. At a conference in San Francisco last April, veteran leatherman Guy Baldwin confirmed that leatherfolk have long been the "dirty little secret" of mainstream gay and lesbian communities. In the eyes of many gay people with social and political influence, the more unorthodox factions risk embarrassing the movement and undoing existing social acceptance. This undoubtedly applies to cross-dressers and transsexuals, as well as queers who work in the sex industry — not to mention those who are polyamorous or sluts by choice. And certainly it also applies to open, vocal bisexuals. We threaten the foundation of the gay mainstream's power by suggesting that sexual orientation can involve some degree of choice, that transgression can be embraced, that we're not all "just like everyone else."

Hijacking pride day

People have complained recently about too much corporate involvement in the San Francisco Pride Parade and Celebration. Bitching about big business is pretty common (and easy) in Northern California, but I have to agree with the complainers on this one. The 1999 pride day was so awash in big money that it looked more like the Super Bowl than a queerfest.

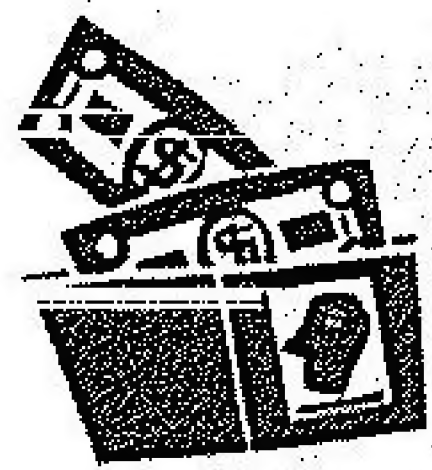
My problem with this? Ownership. Who owns pride day? It should be the fags, dykes, bis, trannies, S/M folks, friends, parents, siblings, curious onlookers, and whoever else wants to attend and cheer. But last year, it seemed that a team of marketing strategists — with no concept of queer identity — owned pride day. They controlled the promotional magazines, the vending booths, the food, the signs, many of the floats, the bands on stage, and so on. The next day, I pictured all these

marketing geniuses going back to their cell phones and laptops and finding another "worthy cause" to make lots of dough.



I know it wasn't always this way. I attended three SF pride parades from 1987 to 1990.

Back then, in the darker days of the AIDS crisis, the event reflected a subculture ripped apart. Every stage of grieving was there — anger, sadness, acceptance, even some denial. Outlining this gigantic memorial procession were flashy drag queens and the infamous Dykes on Bikes. People shot vitriol toward the Reagan and Bush administrations at every turn. There was more nudity.



Participants screamed to each other and the world that the queer spirit was still alive, and that no one — no government, no police force, no virus — could crush it. It was downright intimidating, but quite inspiring.

Last year, though, commodity culture seemed to have eaten this spirit from the inside out. Everything seemed (relatively speaking) so normal, so safe. Lots of people were doing what I call The Suburban Crawl — that lifeless, unthinking, glaze-eyed stroll that overtakes shoppers in megamalls. Where was the danger? Where was the risk? There was a decent amount of bravado, to be sure. The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, a group of queers famous for wearing outrageous nun drag who raise money for local charities and causes, were there. But most smaller groups that supported controversial causes were dwarfed by leviathan companies such as Walgreens, or puppet regimes such as Live 105, a local radio station owned by CBS.

The later gathering near City Hall was far worse. Barring some details of dress and décor, it could have been any summer festival in any American city. Few merchants that I saw had anything to do with queerness or counterculture. One booth even had the audacity to sell large two-dimensional Disney characters.

You heard that right: Disney — the monolith that's conditioning the minds and buying habits of future consumers and will soon own every American news and entertainment outlet. That's not counterculture. That's status quo in the worst way. Pride day? I have to ask: Pride in what?

If corporations continue to shape the queer mainstream like this — and members of the faithful keep blindly buying everything "gay" that's tossed their way — the movement will no longer own its identity or have control of its direction. "Making a difference" will mean keeping your home stocked with queer-friendly products. Looking "gay" or "queer" will become trendy, much like youth gang fashion has done in recent years. "Celebrating diversity" will mean attending a pride event and buying a plywood Mickey Mouse. When this happens, the only socially

See "Shopping Mall" (p.8)

What Price Visibility?

By Warren J. Blumenfeld

I have looked into the ways that some tobacco and alcohol companies specifically target marginalized or stigmatized communities — communities of color, working class and poor, gay, lesbian, bisexual, and others who due to their stigmatization often have higher rates of tobacco consumption and alcoholism.

I, therefore, had mixed reactions to the announcement last year that Anheuser-Busch was targeting the "gay community" by depicting two men holding hands in its Bud Lite ads — and I use the word "target" quite deliberately. While it is extremely important to increase our visibility, I have enormous misgivings and am extremely uncomfortable over any company or industry that markets these substances to our communities.

Exactly what type of "visibility" were we talking about? The ads were geared to the gay community, and appeared almost exclusively in "our" newspapers, magazines and neighborhoods, not in mainstream media.

I, therefore, ask us all the critical question: "At what cost visibility?" The cost is far too great a price to pay.

I include some quotes from studies below:

- Gary Remafedi found that among the gay males he interviewed for his study, 58% could be classified as having a substance abuse disorder as classified in the *DSM III* (Gary Remafedi (1985). *Male Homosexuality: The Adolescent's Perspective*. Unpublished manuscript, Adolescent Health Program, University of Minnesota.
- "Lesbians and gay men are at much higher risk than the heterosexual population for alcohol abuse. Approximately 30% of both the lesbian and gay male populations have problems with alcoholism." (from Eric Rofes (1983). *I thought people like that killed themselves: Lesbians, Gay Men, and Suicide*. San Francisco: Grey Fox Publishers.
- "Substance use often begins in early adolescence when youth first experience conflicts around their sexual orientation. It initially serves the functional purposes of (1) reducing the pain and anxiety of external conflicts and (2) reducing the internal inhibitions of homosexual feelings and behavior. Prolonged substance abuse, however, only contributes to the youth's problems and magnifies suicidal feelings." (from Paul Gibson (1989). *Gay Male and Lesbian Youth Suicide*; from the *Report of the Secretary's Task Force on Youth Suicide*, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

Warren J. Blumenfeld is co-author of Looking at Gay and Lesbian Life, and editor of Homophobia: How We All Pay the Price, and the Journal of Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual Identity.

"Shopping Mall" (from p.7)

accepted queers will be those resembling monogamous straight people. All others will still face hatred and discrimination.

Be part of the solution

So how can we stop corporate pirates from taking the helm of our ship? How might we bisexuals save our own ranks from this peril?

In short, we have to think for ourselves. We can't become cocky and disoriented from big money's attention, or we'll just be the latest deer in Hollywood's headlights.

Starting with economics, we need to distinguish between legitimate queer commerce and intrusive big business. In other words, support those who need supporting on the local level, but eye corporate intrusion with skepticism.

Example: Let's say some bi friends are opening a coffee house. Bisexuality isn't the focus of the business, per se, but the proprietors are open about their identities and aim to create a bi-friendly space. Should you support them? Hell yes. Pour all you can into such an effort. Walk 10 minutes out of your way to buy coffee there instead of Starbucks. Tell your friends about it. Spend time there on weekends.

Now let's say that on the same block, Bud Light posts a billboard with the nation's first openly bisexual ad. On it, two men and a woman all hold hands and look at each other seductively. (I can see it now: "Be both of your selves, and have two Bud Lights.") What do you do? Get all giddy, click your heels, and stock your fridge with the new bi beer? Stop every person you see and declare "We have arrived"? Of course not.

Anheuser-Busch isn't bisexual. It's a company, making money. It has no interest in our rights. Think for yourself. Unless you like the product, don't buy it.

Such large-scale attention might feel good, but it doesn't equal social acceptance or legal justice. Bisexuals jumping for joy over a queer billboard is just as absurd as Latinos celebrating because liquor companies use pictures of Hispanic men in store advertisements in East Oakland. From this perspective, you can see that "economic respect" really isn't that different from exploitation. In each case, outside companies use culturally specific themes to sell products to people within that culture. The bottom line? Just because something looks queer — or even if it is queer — it isn't automatically good.

How else can we keep our identities intact? First and foremost, stay vocal and visible. Show the world what a bisexual is. If you're polyamorous, post pictures of your boyfriend and your

girlfriend at work. Strategically place copies of *Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions* on your coffee table. If someone asks about one of these items, tell them. When you see biphobic comments in the news media, send messages to the reporters or editors explaining how you feel. Send them some Web addresses so they can learn more about us. Email your bi friends and ask them to do the same.

Attend a bisexual discussion group, or start one yourself. Join a larger group such as BiNet and communicate with other bisexuals across the country. If you have Internet access, search

for bi Web sites and contact their owners. If you have the equipment, build a Web site of your own. Start a bi book club at a science fiction bookstore. Volunteer at a queer community center and work to form bisexual space. Maybe some already exists, and you just need to find it.



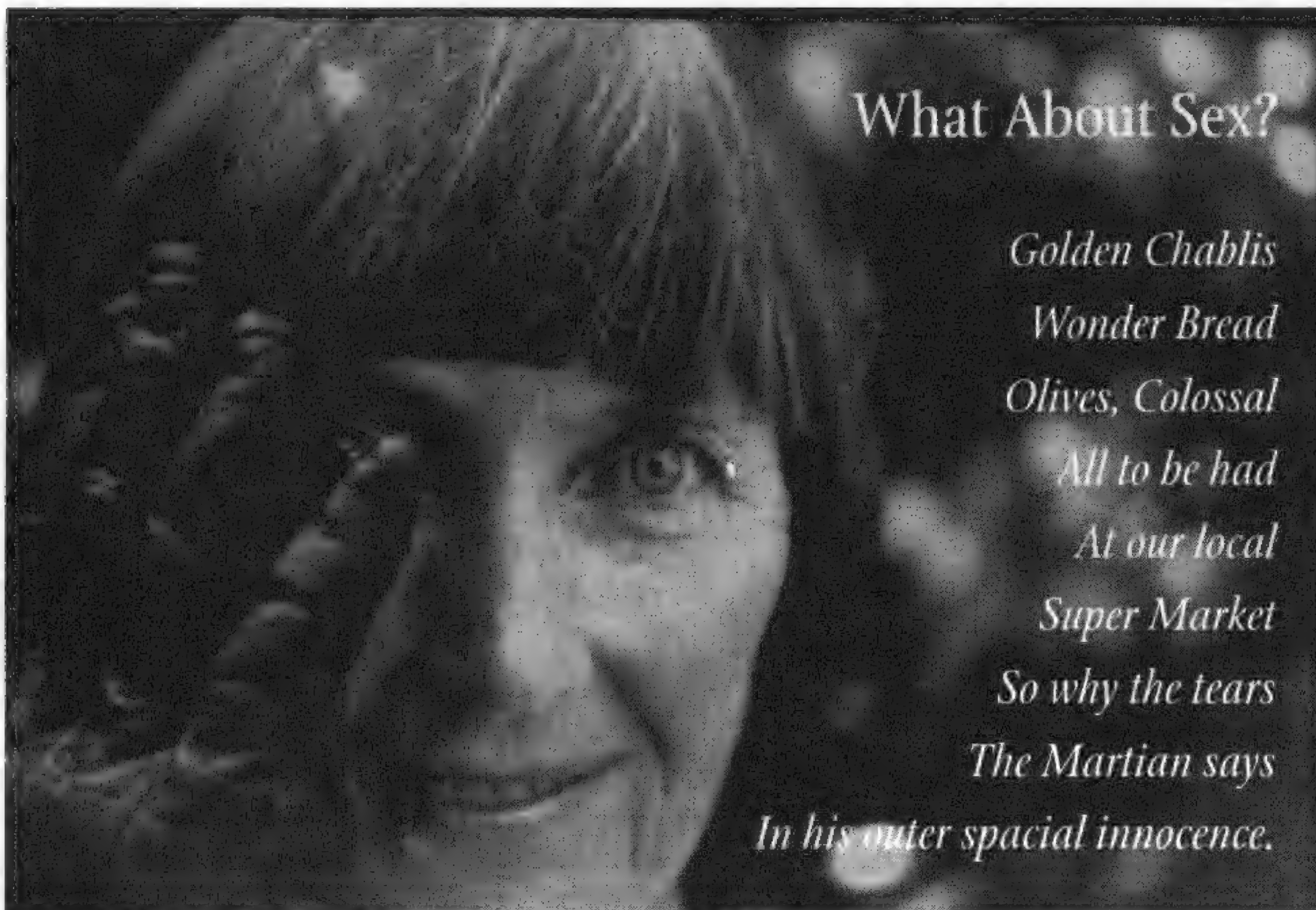
Such interaction will keep us connected, keep us thinking — keep us active — so we don't fall into the trance of loyal consumerism in safe queer enclaves and forget the rest of the world. I know we can't all be 24-hour activists and watchdogs, but each of us needs to help build community in some way, however small. Like it or not, we are who we are, and I believe we are all obligated to do something. That's why I started writing and reporting again after a four-year hiatus — so I could write commentaries like this one and help bring more bisexuals into the mix.

Consider the perils of apathy

- While we were congratulating ourselves on having "arrived," Mormon and Catholic congregations gave tens of thousands of dollars to supporters of the Knight Initiative, which will outlaw same-sex marriage in California.
- While we're dancing in our new Kenneth Cole shoes, a group of right-wing Christian hate-mongers called the Oregon Citizens Alliance is walking through towns in the Pacific Northwest gathering support for local ordinances that discriminate against sexual minorities... and they're winning.
- While we're sleeping off our latest Bud Light hangovers, a racist group in Idaho called the Church of Jesus Christ Christian is teaching six-year-olds to hate African Americans, Jews and queers.

We have work to do. Let's not let big money throw us off course.

Keith Bowers works in the mainstream press for a living, but he writes and reports on naughty things for fun. He can be reached at cyclops@dnai.com.



BETTY FERGUSON

What About Sex?

*Golden Chablis
Wonder Bread
Olives, Colossal
All to be had
At our local
Super Market
So why the tears
The Martian says
In his outer spacial innocence.*

The Golden Land

*The state uncoils another grey
Anything but free, for all, way
Snakes the concrete miles
Through fields once grass and flowers
Better count the poppies now,
Remember those blue skies.*

*But wow! see those Big Mac towers
A promise fair of shakes for all
Giant Burgers, Golden Fries
Where the poppies shone in the sun
Big Mac now feeds everyone.*

Young Lovers

*I see me in your loving eyes
Hunger feeds each other's wiles
One's hurt assures the other's cries
(Narcissus, reemerging, smiles)*

It Is Not Only At Drowning Time

*It is not only at drowning time
But at times of teeth brushing, post loving
And , of course, waiting for water boil —*

— It's hard not to review it all.

Poet Betty Ferguson says she stopped counting after she passed 90 years old, so you'll just have to guess her age from there. She is a prolific painter, sculptor, and writer, a former thespian, an all-around free spirit, and a great great grandmother with a penchant for martinis and surrealist parlour games.

KID SISTER ACTIVISM

By Wendy Curry

HOW THE BISEXUAL COMMUNITY CAN PULL ITSELF OUT OF THE SHADOWS

Sucking up to the gay community bores me. I personally don't want to be anyone's sidekick. I'm too independent to sit around waiting for somebody to toss me crumbs.

The more bisexuals I meet around the country, the more clear it becomes that the average person's needs aren't completely met with the "me too" politics of the GLBT movement. Last October I attended the first Texas Bisexual Conference in Houston. No one asked about the right to adopt, to be out in the military, or to marry same-gender partners. They asked about specifically bisexual concerns. They asked how to find a space where they fit in, where to find others like themselves, or how to find someone who will date a married woman. They wanted to know where to find bisexual bars, bi magazines, bi books, and bi videos.

Bisexuals are not "semi-gay." Sometimes we don't fit in the gay and lesbian movement. In fact, some of us don't identify with queerness at all.

WE KNOW THE WORLD IS NOT FLAT

In the book *Flatland*, Edwin Abbott describes a two-dimensional world inhabited by triangles, squares, lines and other shapes. Because these creatures live in two-dimensional space, they can see themselves only as lines, single facets of their shapes.

Prejudices result from this limited view: Women are represented as lines, and are not trusted because lines are sometimes invisible in two dimensions. Differences are feared: Because all sides cannot be seen at once, beings cannot categorize peers unless they are equilateral, with all angles on the given shape the same. The rulers deal with this via the corporal punishment of non-traditional shapes.

One day, a being discovers the three-dimensional world. Afterward his point of view, thought processes, and vocabulary change. He is able to understand concepts in ways others cannot, but in order to exist in the two-dimensional

world, he must censor what he says to others. He cannot share his thoughts or ideas for fear of retaliation. His peers don't have the frame of reference, so they can't understand. It is not until he connects with others who "get it" that he can really explore his theories and views.

My point? Bisexuality is a third dimension, outside of monosexuality. Until we bisexuals talk to each other we can't fully understand ourselves. We have bi-specific questions and issues that aren't discussed enough in mixed-queer space. Does gender matter when you look for a partner? Can we embrace contradictions such as "femmy butch?" What traits turn people on across the gender continuum? Does your ideal mate's gender change over time? Can we be satisfied in monogamous relationships?

Gay activism came of age before bisexual activism. Bisexuals may have been there from the beginning, but it's hard for us to see that because the early battles were waged under the name of gay rights — at the time, the term "gay" included bisexuals. The first bars were gay bars. The first magazines, gay magazines. The first pride marches, gay pride. Bisexuals realized that we had our own issues, and we needed recognition and a separate identity.

Unfortunately, our identity has never evolved into a solid entity. Until we establish our community, we won't once and for all shake the invisibility that plagues us. Until we build an independent movement, we won't have a home, so to speak. If we spend all our time adapting to gay space, we limit ourselves individually and as a group.

With the exception of certain cities like San Francisco, bisexual activism by and large is still in its infancy. As a result, it sometimes acts like the kid sister of its older siblings, the gay movement and leftist 1970s activism. With the new millennium here, though, bi activists are starting to question



their roles. And like the kid sister whose older sibling goes off to college, we need to step out of the shadows and form our own identity and movement.

What if we don't?

- We can't realize our potential and become who we are meant to be.
- We won't educate the rest of the planet about our "third" dimension. Our perspective is different than any other. It's valuable, and unattainable by monosexuals. If we continue molding ourselves into the space of others, we do them a disservice. We are not letting them learn from us.
- We'll remain disconnected as a community. Our voices support causes where bisexuality is a peripheral concern, where the people we talk to the most might not even be bisexual. Only when we unite around bi-specific issues will this change.
- We won't be able to take advantage of opportunities given to us. For example, at NGLTF's Creating Change conference in Oakland, there were few bisexual plenary speakers. When I complained, a bisexual leader told me that NGLTF repeatedly asked for a bi speaker; they were told by *our* people that we had no one qualified to speak to a crowd of 3,000 queer activists.

It's time for us to step back and find our voices. The bi community should focus on discovering its own identity — on creating resources, culture, and space for ourselves. Clearly, some of this is already happening. BiNet Los Angeles recently held the BAFFLED anti-conference, which focused on creating bisexual culture. www.BiCafe.com provides members with a 24-hour-a-day bi space on the Internet. The Bi Resource Center in Massachusetts records bisexual history. These efforts are just a start.

LET'S GET VISIBLE

Unless we can see each other, we won't be able to find each other. Short of tattooing bi symbols on our foreheads, how do we do this? In my case, I fly a bi pride flag from my home, and I have bi stuff throughout my office. I've also started a local bi discussion group by posting numerous ads inviting bisexuals to my house once a week. This resulted in more than four dozen inquiries — not bad for my tiny city.

Anyone can do this. It doesn't cost much. If you can't afford ads, you can post flyers or find a free advertising space on the World Wide Web. Sending these signals not only helps people find you, but it also gets the word out that bisexuals are in your community.

You can also volunteer with a bisexual group — I guarantee that any nonprofit organization can use all kinds of help. My group, BiNetUSA, has numerous tasks for interested volunteers and budding activists. We routinely assign things to people based on their interests and skills.

You might also help organize social activities. Obviously, not many of us can afford to open a bisexual nightclub, but might you persuade your local gay or progressive club to host a bi night? Once a week? Once a month? Can you rent a hall for a night or an afternoon? Open your home to a pot luck?

Moving from local to global, the Internet offers a huge resource. This information superhighway lets us communicate with people around the world in real time at low cost. Anyone who understands how to use a search engine can find like-minded people. Thus, the Internet has amazing potential to help build a global bi community.

See "Kid Sister" (p.12)

"Kid Sister" (from p.11)

OneList (www.onelist.com) provides the means to create topic-specific mailing lists for free. If you can't find a regional or interest-specific bi group, you can start one of your own. People with similar interests are bound to come across your list eventually.

Web pages are free. Many ISPs provide free Web space to their subscribers; www.bisexual.org and bi.org provide free Web space to not-for-profit bisexual groups; and sites like www.geocities.com provide free Web pages to anyone. We could flood the Internet with bisexual Web sites. When people type "bisexual" into a search engine, they could find a wealth of diverse information from real, live bisexuals.

Publishing is another way to increase bi visibility. The Haworth Press of Binghamton, New York (www.haworthpressinc.com), prints bisexual books. Haworth recently named Fritz Klein, author of *The Bisexual Option*, as its bi book editor. If you've got what it takes to write a book or assemble an anthology of bisexual fiction or essays, get writing and contact Haworth.

If enough of us lean on Web-based businesses, we can have others increase bi visibility for us. E-commerce sites are in it for the money.

Most are willing to accommodate any group — if they see dollar signs behind it. As activists, we can target certain sites and flood them with requests. Eventually, if our numbers are consistent and large enough, they will have to listen.

In order to increase our impact, we should pick a few specific targets. Starting points for me would be large online movie sellers like TLA Video and www.Reel.com. TLA has a bisexual category within its gay/lesbian section, but many titles seem misplaced. *The Hunger*, for example — a movie with clear bisexual themes — is filed under lesbian classics. *High Art*, on the other hand — described in TLA's own review as "one of the best lesbian films of the 1990s" — is filed under bisexual. These are serious missteps for an outfit that claims to be "the online authority on gay and lesbian films." Similarly, www.Reel.com, one of the most prominent sites to buy videos on the Net, has a gay/lesbian category but no bisexual. *Henry and June* — another movie with bi written all over it — is one of its top gay/lesbian picks.

Ways you can target e-commerce sites:

- Order your books, videos, music through the Bi Resource Center (www.biresource.org). The participating companies give a percentage fee to this nonprofit group. When they

write that check, it is obvious that those purchases were from people interested in bisexuality.

- Support our own e-commerce sites. www.bi-gear.com, www.bicafe.com, and www.amazonink.com all sell bisexual merchandise. As they grow, others will start selling bi-specific merchandise.



If we start putting ourselves first, we will begin to develop a community that allows each of us to grow. As we learn from each other, we'll improve the way we educate others.

- Request cards for Celebrate Bisexuality Day (September 23) at all e-card sites. If sites can offer e-cards for Mother-in-Law's Day and Boss's Day, then they can offer cards for our holiday.
- Thank companies who list bisexuality as a category — with your business and with email. TLA Video has a bisexual section in its gay/lesbian catalogue, under "genre". Amazon.com has categories of bisexual women, bisexual erotica, and bisexual fiction, all subclasses under "gay/lesbian". Lycos.com and Yahoo.com search engines list bisexuals as their own category, under "gay, lesbian and bisexual" — at least in some mainstream circles, we aren't a subclass.

- Ask e-commerce sites to improve the placement of our categories. Tell them that a bisexual section directly under nonfiction would encourage you to purchase more. When you order from Amazon.com, send them a note asking them to create a bisexual suggestions email, or to spotlight a bisexual book on the main page.

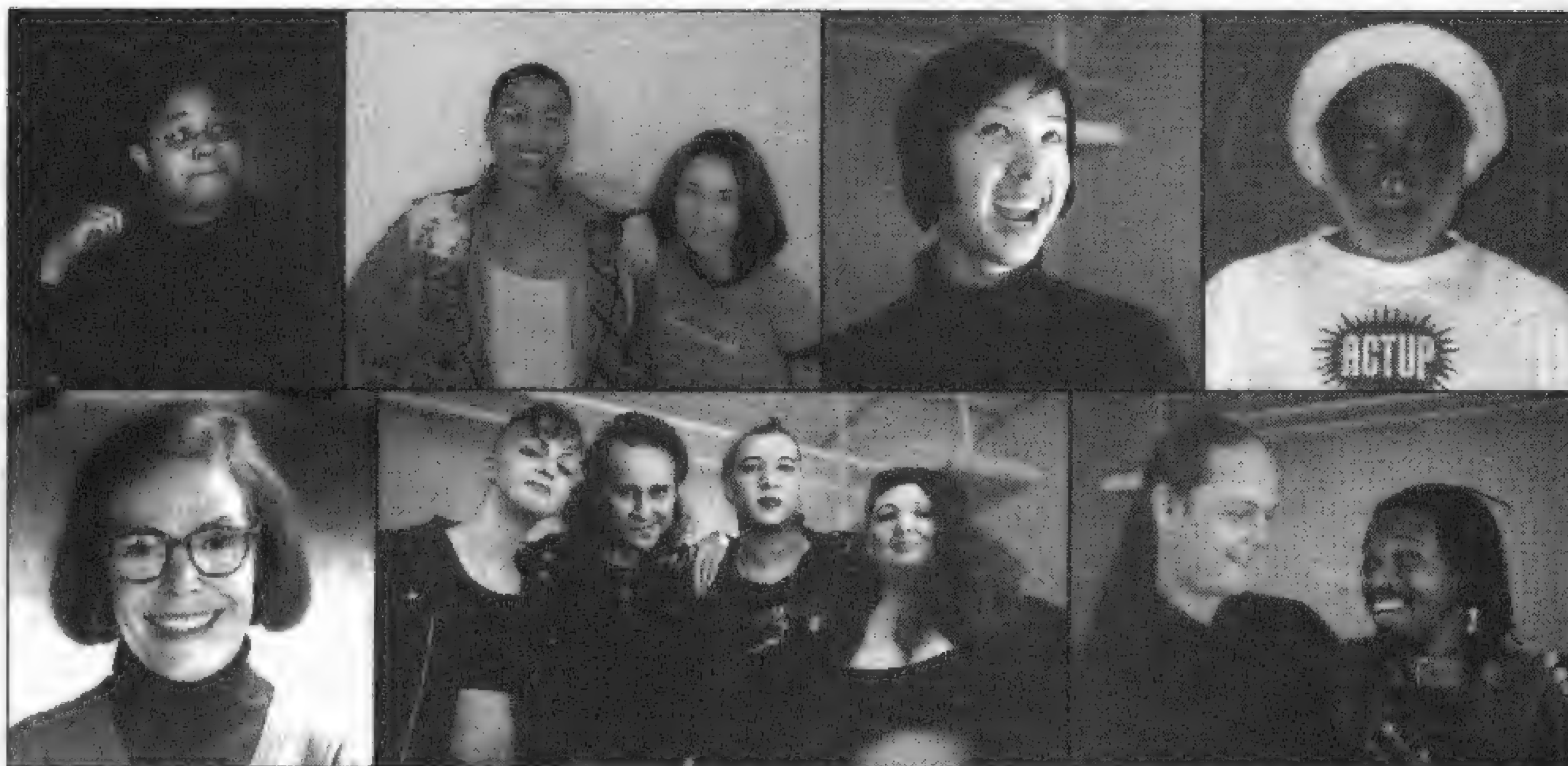
We can also increase our visibility in little ways:

- Invest in a rubber stamp that says "bisexual bucks" or something similar, then mark your money, and let people know a bisexual circulated it.
- Stop asking where the gay and lesbian section in your bookstore is. Start asking for the bisexual section.

If we start putting ourselves first, we will begin to develop a community that allows each of us to grow. As we learn from each other, we'll improve the way we educate others. We'll discover the professional speakers amongst our ranks and be ready the next time NGLTF asks.

Most important, we'll find our own identity — apart from our big brothers and sisters.

Wendy Curry is a 15-year veteran of the bi inclusion wars. She is counting down the days to the second annual Celebrate Bisexuality Day on Sept. 23, 2000.



If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.

The Christian Coalition, Family Research Council, Concerned Women for America, and the American Family Association (partial list) used this slogan in recently published anti-gay ads claiming to have cured homosexuals of their behavior. The ensuing debates on morality, genetics or unlearning behavior all miss an important point — we have the right to love whomever we choose. The truth is, human sexuality is far more rich and multifaceted than we're taught to believe. The truth is that neither science, nor politics, nor religion can yet define the genesis of sexual orientation. Most likely each of us is a complex mix of nature and nurture.

The truth is, many people are bisexual.

Bisexual people have the capacity for emotional, romantic, loving and/or physical attraction to more than one gender. Some of these so-called ex-gays are undoubtedly bisexual. Bisexuals can choose to be open to the full range of possibilities, but our bisexuality is the potential, not the requirement, for involvement with more than one gender. Some bisexual people choose to be in committed monogamous relationships; some choose other forms of relationships and commitments. Heterosexual and homosexual people also make these choices.

Bisexuals come from all cultures, all religious and spiritual beliefs, all sizes and abilities, all social strata and walks of life. Some of us are just like you. Some of us are nothing like you. But we are bound together by one important factor: we believe in the freedom to love whom we choose.

The truth is, love is about honor and respect for yourself and others.

The truth is, these ads sow hatred and intolerance. These organizations are seeking to define sexuality, gender, and family solely in their own image. It is an offense to the human spirit for any group to impose their beliefs as the one true way and to tell people to reject and hate themselves and each other because they do not fit a certain mold. That is not love.

Love, between people who care for each other regardless of the genders involved, is an important family value that strengthens our society and enriches all our lives. Love is an essential part of life and a celebration of the human spirit. The truth is that the families we create, in whatever form, are precious and entitled to respect and to equal protection under the law.

The truth is, love makes a family.

As human beings we are born with the right and ability to love, to change and to choose as we grow. We must all have the option to choose to get married or not. We must all have the right to have and to raise children or not. All our relationships and families must be equally valued. We must have the right to walk down the street holding hands without the threat of violence. We must have the right to live, to work and love without fear of discrimination of any sort. We must have the right to make our own moral and ethical decisions based on our own personal integrity.

THE TRUTH IS, ALL OF US — BISEXUAL, LESBIAN, GAY, TRANSGENDER, HETEROSEXUAL — DESERVE THE RIGHT TO LOVE WHOM WE CHOOSE.

In the public interest, this message has been sponsored by the following organizations (partial list), representing the views of millions of Americans.

Anything That Moves magazine
www.anythingthatmoves.com

BiNetUSA
www.binetusa.org

Bisexual Resource Center
www.biresource.org

Children of Lesbians & Gays Everywhere
(415) 861-5437

FTM International
tstgmen@best.com

Gay & Lesbian Victory Fund
victoryf@aol.com

Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Veterans of
America, Inc.
www.glbva.org

Gay, Lesbian & Straight Education Network
www.glsen.org

Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation
www.glaad.org

GenderPAC
www.Gpac.org

International Gay & Lesbian
Human Rights Commission
www.iglhrc.org

Intersexed Society of North America
www.isna.org

LLEGÓ: The Nat'l Latina/o Lesbian, Gay,
Bisexual & Transgender Organization
AquiLGBT@LLEGO.ORG

Nat'l Black Lesbian & Gay Leadership Forum
NBLGLF@aol.com

Nat'l Center for Lesbian Rights
info@NCLRights.org

Nat'l Gay & Lesbian Task Force
www.ngltf.org

Nat'l Youth Advocacy Coalition
NYOUTHAC@aol.com

Parents, Families & Friends of
Lesbians & Gays
(202) 638-4200



DECLARATION

▷ 23A

2

by Dan-E Boy

WHY

SHOULDN'T WE *OUT* THEM

THOSE *LYING* BASTARDS IN THEIR POSH MANSIONS,
LIVING THEIR *SECRET* LIES,
ATTENDING THEIR GALAS AND PRETENTIOUS, *SHALLOW* PARTIES,
WHILE WE IN THE TRENCHES ARE
PUTTING OUR LIVES ON THE LINE,
WHILE QUEER *CHILDREN* ARE DYING
BECAUSE NO ONE WILL *SHOW* THEM ANY OTHER WAY?

WHY should we continue
to *fill* their POCKETS
and PAY their *debts*
while *AIDS* organizations FALL
apart for lack of funding?

WE are not *silent*.
We are not BLIND.
We are *ENRAGED*.
We are *PISSED*.
We are SICK and *tired* of being
STEPPED ON, BEAT ON,
and **KILLED**

while others silently
grow fat off our LABORS,
and while we are BETRAYED
and *disowned*
by those who once *USED* US
for their own GAIN.

WE have CONFRONTED the *closet*
and have seen its **EVIL**.

We are the STRONG
who not only broke FREE,
but are *smashing* DOWN the walls
created of LIES and repression.

WE are the ones
who have *opened* our EYES
and seen the IGNORANCE and fear
in our own "community."

And we *refuse* to CLOSE our eyes
to this

HYPOCRISY.

WE REFUSE to *indulge*
ourselves in the
FASHION and glamour
in the media that
perpetuate the great *phallacy*
that privacy is the
most important thing,
while our young
sell themselves on the streets
to the *rich* closeted
because their *homes* have
BETRAYED and rejected them.

this is not

RHETORIC.

AS long as we feel **PAIN,** and
our *children* are consumed by pain,
we will *inflict* that SAME pain
on those who PROTECT it.

THIS is not a FASHION statement.
Fashion is another means
to *control* the MASSES
and keep them BLIND to the truth.

THIS is our LIVES,
lives we have FORGED
through everything
the WORLD has *pitted against* us.

WE are PROUD
of who we are and what we have
ACCOMPLISHED.

WE ARE QUEER.

WE have been *thrown* into the FIRE,
and WE WILL USE THAT FIRE
TO SET THE WORLD

AFLAME.

Dan-E Boy, along with writing, slaves as editor, publisher and resident cartoonist to the 'zine Queer Nasty and its parent Baby Rhino Press (www.baby-rhino.net/express). Fed up with the double standards and hypocrisy in our own "communities", Queer Nasty, a 'zine of ridicule, thought and intelligent humour, attempts to point out these flaws and their blatant stupidity and offer caring, helpful suggestions. We're Here — We're Queer — Get Over It.

Party Like It's 1999

evolution of queer, colorlife-style

by Leah Piepzna-Samarasinha

"It's like this decade went by so fast," I say to my sister Andrew (both half-*desbi* femme bitch queens) as we're sitting in some Toronto DJ spot/café on people-of-color night. "There are so many things that I thought would be around forever when I was 16 in 1990 that are just dead and gone..."

"ACT UP, Queer Nation, punk," he finishes for me.

"Yeah."

ACT UP, Queer Nation, anarcho-punk, queercore, Riot Grrrl — all that shit was my world when the decade opened. I screamed down the streets in fishnets and boots against the Gulf War, gave out condoms and gloves on the sidewalks outside high schools, stayed out all night at Clit Club and 'No Rio once I left home, sat down to block the Queens tunnel the day Giuliani released the budget that eliminated the department of AIDS services and the weekend of Stonewall 25 and Mumia's death warrant summer¹. I lived inside the hope of a movement that would make a revolution in my lifetime, where my sex and my pussy and my color and class and craziness could all go with me. After growing up in the Reagan death years, queer smashed open doors. I thought those politics — on/in your face, fuck shit up, S/M, direct action, leather, shaved heads and boots — would be my life forever, that there was no way this clean, clear rage would die or get old.

Well, now the year of the apocalypse has passed and shit looks real different, doesn't it? So many of those names are history, empty names with a few people behind them, not the powerful swell there once was. I'm sure as hell not in the meeting room doing a head count. And I can say without hesitating that the reason is that I looked down and saw my color. Along with a lot of other people.

When issues of race and racism started getting raised — in ACT UP, Lesbian Avengers, in punk, in Riot Grrrl — all hell broke loose. Queer radicalism circa 1990 didn't survive it.

back in the day.

For many of us who were queer youth of color, coming out in the early '90s meant coming out into a queer cultural scene that was Eurocentric in its concerns, aesthetic and beliefs, where a lot of white queer radicals had a really great grasp of anti-racism in theory but flunked out in reality. At first we were so grateful to finally be out and angry that we kept thinking it was just our problem when shit went down. More than that — I assumed when I was a queerpunk brown girl that everybody got the basics about racism, was committed to killing the cop inside their heads... that all the white girls were gonna follow Mab Segrest's lead and become race traitors.

Instead my/our hearts got betrayed so many times. So many times they — our lovers, comrades, friends — just didn't get it, the basics. Racism wars raged in Love and Rage cells, infoshops, Lesbian Avengers chapters, 'zines and grrl cliques across the nation. Being queer radicals was part of what made a lot of us who were of color come to consciousness about how racism had affected our lives, but once we started talking about it and wanting to stop being the only one, most of our white "allies" freaked out.

Everything was cool if you just quoted bell hooks and veered away from talking about who was doing what when racist shit played out right there, right then. Staying meant agreeing with bleach-blond shave-headed white girls that "color doesn't matter, we're just queer, we're just anarchists." Worst of all was when we started getting really confident and insist-

ing we knew what we were talking about, instead of just having those "Yeah, I dunno, it's complicated," conversations. Or when we started setting limits and enforcing them.

the day after

In 1996 the Fugees' second album dropped, ACT UP NYC meetings were drawing maybe 40 people, and I left New York for Toronto. I did it for Toronto's strong dyke-of-color, radical South Asian, and anti-colonial movements — along with a lover and the possibility of \$14-an-hour jobs working at women's centers in a country that still had a welfare state.

"Queer" as a prioritized identity pretty much dropped out of my life. Oh, I was still a sexual freak, but not in that tiny corner delineated as officially, visibly (white) queer. I flowed from dressing like a *deshi* Kathleen Cleaver (light skin, half fro, thrift store leather, platform shoes, hoops) to veering between baggy pants, tight tank top, and little sneakers to dresses, cocoa butter-sheened legs, and Night Queen.

I was asking questions: How do you say *sex radical* in Sinhalese or Tamil? What does the fierce fucking look like when I stop floating above my brown raped body? How can "queer" as I've known it be home when I get slapped in the face with the racism of big black dicks, hot blooded Latinas, scary black girls and exotic Asians², not to forget the "modern primitives" with rings and designs they stole from my culture and others? How do I "fuck to resist" when my personal inheritance of sexuality is 80% of Sri Lankan women in the northern provinces being raped during the civil war and 20% my wild aunties leading strikes wearing short dresses in the 20s?

This is what queer starts looking like when it's us defining it.

where i was born

Maybe in other worlds that I'm not in, people would argue that it's all going as strong as ever, and that it defines what is queer/radical. Maybe they can say that because they don't see the brown faces who aren't there anymore, who once were. Maybe they can just conveniently forget about that chunk of history. Maybe also one more time, my/our worlds are both invisible to them and I'm just disappeared doing nothing now.

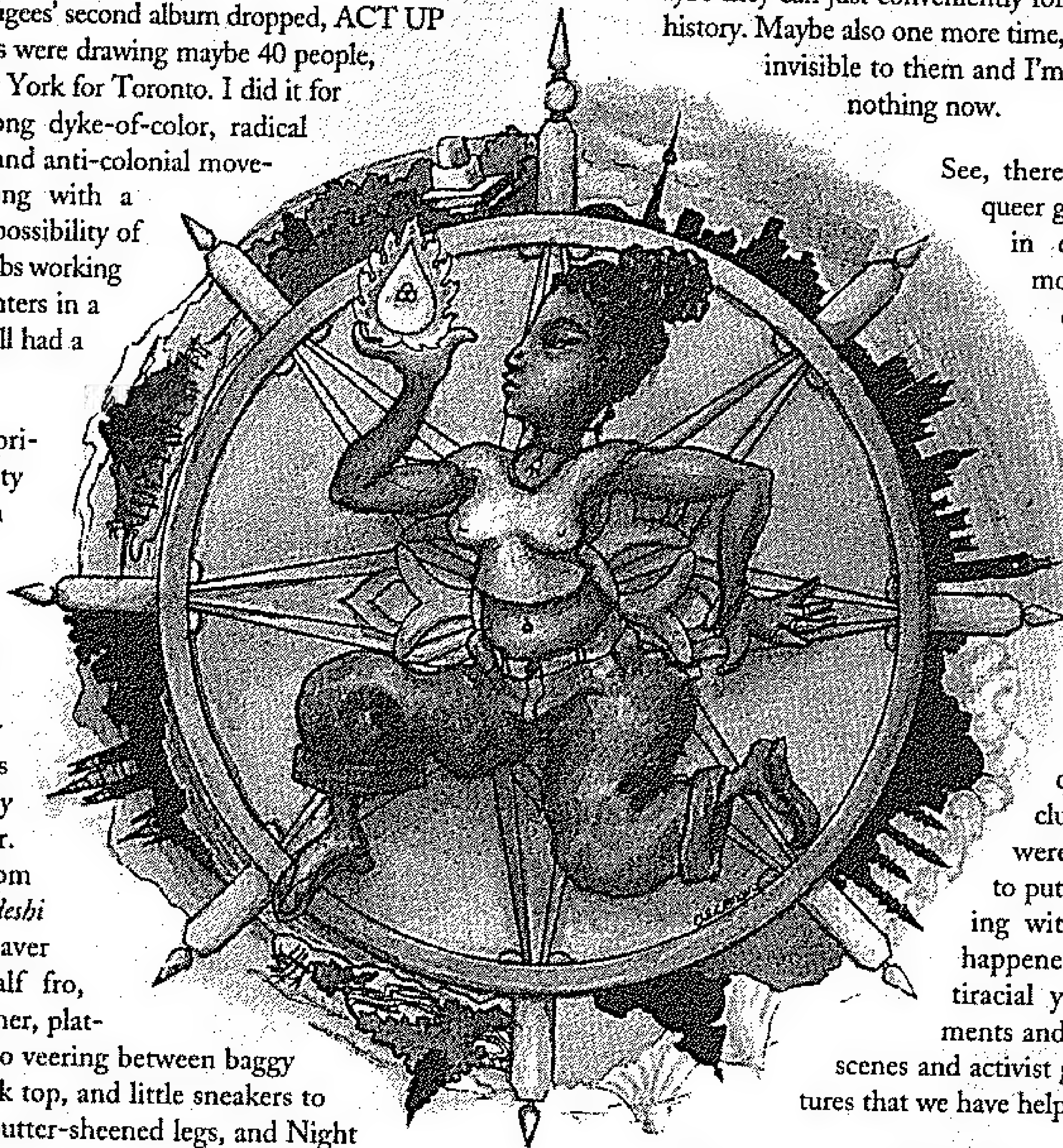
See, there are all these of-color queer groups now. We are still in our damned people's movements saving lives our own way. Of course, the results of that are total invisibility and/or incomprehension by the white queer majority... but whatever.

For a lot of us, fighting that racism meant going home to our communities — straight and queer, conscious and clueless — because those were the folks we wanted to put our energy into arguing with. So the migration happened and there are multiracial youth-of-color movements and queers-of-color-only scenes and activist groups inside our cultures that we have helped build.

We brought a lot of that "fuck shit up" energy with us and mixed it up with our own. Our own idea of activism, which also includes making sure my neighbor has food, my friend is decreasing her meds, and holding my sister after another day's flying glass continual microassaults. It's not just meetings.

This is great. The one worry I have is that some of us who were out five years ago have gradually been less open when it comes to working within mixed-gender movements primarily focused on fighting racism. Maybe we romanticized what it was like back home, because while many mixed-gender, anti-racist movements have been challenged by feminists and queers, a lot also still assume a sexist, reactionary nationalism — based on the perfect "natural" kings and queens/ brother-sister partnerships — as the only way. Queers of color get dismissed as whitewashed, not serious

See "Queer Colorlife" (p.18)



"Queer Colorlife" (from p.17)

or dedicated to the cause or irrelevant still — just in more subtly voiced ways than in the '60s — and it makes me want to scream.

Yeah, in a lot of communities of color we have different ways of being out, some of which may be real flagrant, but where words are never used. But that can also slide too easily, especially for the many of us who fuck more than one gender, into it's-okay-as-long-as-you-shut-up-about-it/you're-not-really-a-dyke-you're-partners-with-him/it's-nobody's-business-but-yours-what-you-do-in-private — in other words, back into the closet.

The scary thing is that for some the closet or denial doesn't seem so bad after being betrayed by the racism of white queers. An ex of mine was queer when we got together; I stole him from his boyfriend when we met. In the years he was an out bi/fag, he was continually treated like shit by (usually older) white men who thought of him as a piece of hot Latino boy ass. As he started to go back home, he began to say and feel that he had to be straight — and butch — to be accepted as Latino/Chileno, roots, by the people he wanted acceptance from. It was a real trip hearing the man who used to see John Rechy as one of his biggest role models scream "I don't want to be a fucking queer anymore" in my face.

He's got the right to define his sexuality the way he wants. But I wonder if he'd be defining it quite the way he is (and sometimes lapsing into homophobia) if his queer life hadn't been filled with racism, disrespect and abuse.

People who've led complicated lives can do really weird things when they decide they want an "authentic" cultural ID more than anything else, as my friend Andrew said to me. And the multiple worlds and bitterness we can inhabit as queers of color can look a lot less "secure" than cutting off a piece of yourself to fit. But I'm sure you can see the problem with that. I read *A Taste of Power* and I can live without a repeat.

what now

So my vision for us queer youth of color moving to the next century is that we refuse to fall into the same mistakes our movements have made in the '60s/'70s, permitting the triaging of hetero/sexism and sexuality as less important than

race and class. I want us to keep on demanding respect for our lives, our presence, our work within our communities, refusing to be silent about who we are. I want us to continue to shout out that decolonization has to include the rejection of both Euro-Christianity's destruction of our queer traditions and the homophobia that existed in some cultures prior to contact.

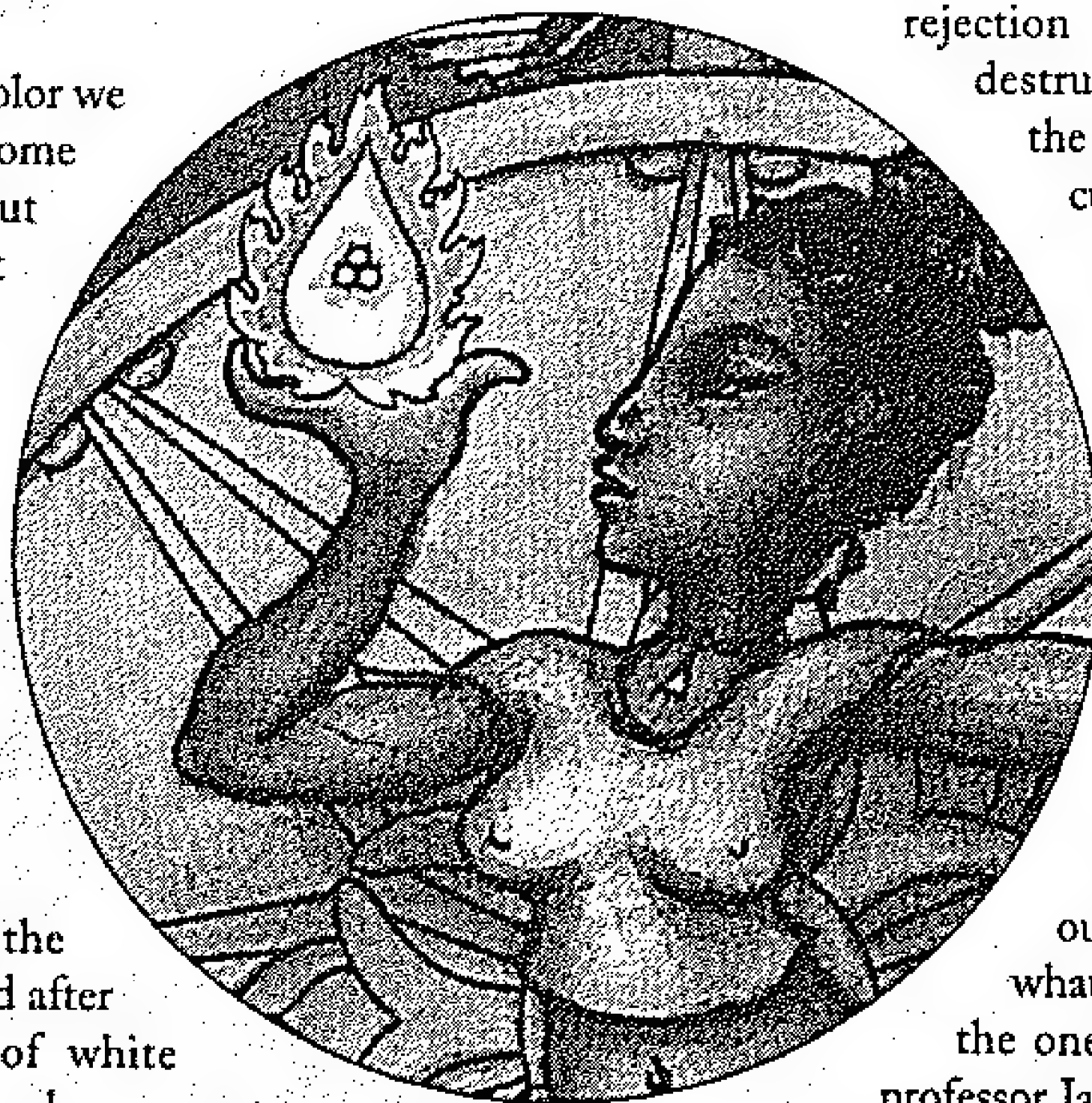
I want no one to feel they have to simplify or sacrifice themselves to get an authentic cultural identity. I want queer women of color to have more sex on our own terms, whether it's resisting being exoticized by white girls or boys or not tolerating abuse from our own. I want the legions of queer, of-color abuse survivors to talk about our experiences so we can figure out what healing looks like for us. We are the ones we've been waiting for, as my professor Jacqui Alexander used to tell us.

All these things can unleash the power we will need to do what I want the worst for this next century: To do it right this time. To finally let none of our inherited monsters destroy us. It's the dream of a woman who still has all the desperate urgency I did back when I was starting out, who hopes some of it is gonna finally bear fruit.

Leah Piepzna-Samarasinha is just another half-breed Sri Lankan broke-ass fem queer girl survivor, writer and shitworker. She has work coming out in the next issue of Fireweed, and in the anthology Planting a Tree: Mixed Queers Speak. Leah likes Lankan women, sweet brown butches, and still has an occasional fetish for bossing around well-trained white queer boys. You can reach her at kumari_indigo@hotmail.com.

¹ Mumia Abu-Jamal is an African-American journalist and one time Black Panther now on death row in Pennsylvania. He was sentenced to death in 1982 as a result of a trial in which he was convicted of shooting a Philadelphia policeman. The prosecution demanded the death sentence on the basis of Mumia's political beliefs. Mumia's appeal has been denied by the PA Supreme Court. On Oct. 13, 1999, PA Governor Ridge signed a new death warrant against Mumia. Mumia's attorneys have filed a habeas corpus petition in Federal district court and the Federal judge has issued a stay of execution while that petition is being considered. For more info, check your local library or check out www.walrus.com/~resist/mumia/index.html.

² For an excellent article critiquing the racism of the queer sexual radical scene, see "Bizarre Women, Exotic Bodies and Outrageous Sex; or, If Annie Sprinkle Was a Black Ho She Wouldn't Be All That," by Karen-Miranda Augustine, in *Resist! Essays Against a Homophobic Culture*.



Take the Next Step

Curious about the radical movements of the '80s and '90s?
Do your homework!

The *Queer Nation Manifesto*, originally a pamphlet that was produced in 1990, helped define the radical queer movements of the last decade. The *Manifesto* opens:

"How can I tell you? How can I convince you, Brother, Sister, that your life is in danger? That every day you wake up alive, relatively happy, and a functioning human being, you are committing a rebellious act. You as an alive and functioning Queer are a Revolutionary. There is nothing on this planet that validates, protects or encourages your existence. It is a miracle you are reading these words. You should by all rights be dead."

You can find the full text of the *Manifesto* online at: userwww.service.emory.edu/~lclerose/docs/politics/qnation/qnation.html. Additionally, you can order it for \$8 from Beloved Disciple Press <beldspress@aol.com>.

General descriptions and links to various radical movements, including Queercore and Riot Grrl, are available online at www.altculture.com.

Additionally, the following books are excellent resources:

Angry Women in Rock, Volume One
Edited by Andrea Juno and V. Vale
Juno Books, 1996; ISBN: 0965104206

Killing Rage: Ending Racism
by bell hooks
Owllet, 1995; ISBN: 0805050272

Memoirs of a Race Traitor
by Mab Segrest
South End Press, 1994; ISBN: 0896084744

Outlaw Culture: Resisting Representations
by bell hooks
Routledge, 1994; ISBN: 0415908116

Out/Rage: Dykes and Bis Resist Homophobia
by Mona Oikawa, Dionne Falconer, Rosamund Elwin,
Ann Decter (Editor)
Women's Press, 1993; ISBN: 0889611882

Resist! Essays Against a Homophobic Culture
by Mona Oikawa (Editor), Dionne Falconer (Editor),
Ann Decter (Editor), Rosamund Elwin (Contributor)
Women's Press, 1995; ISBN: 0889611971

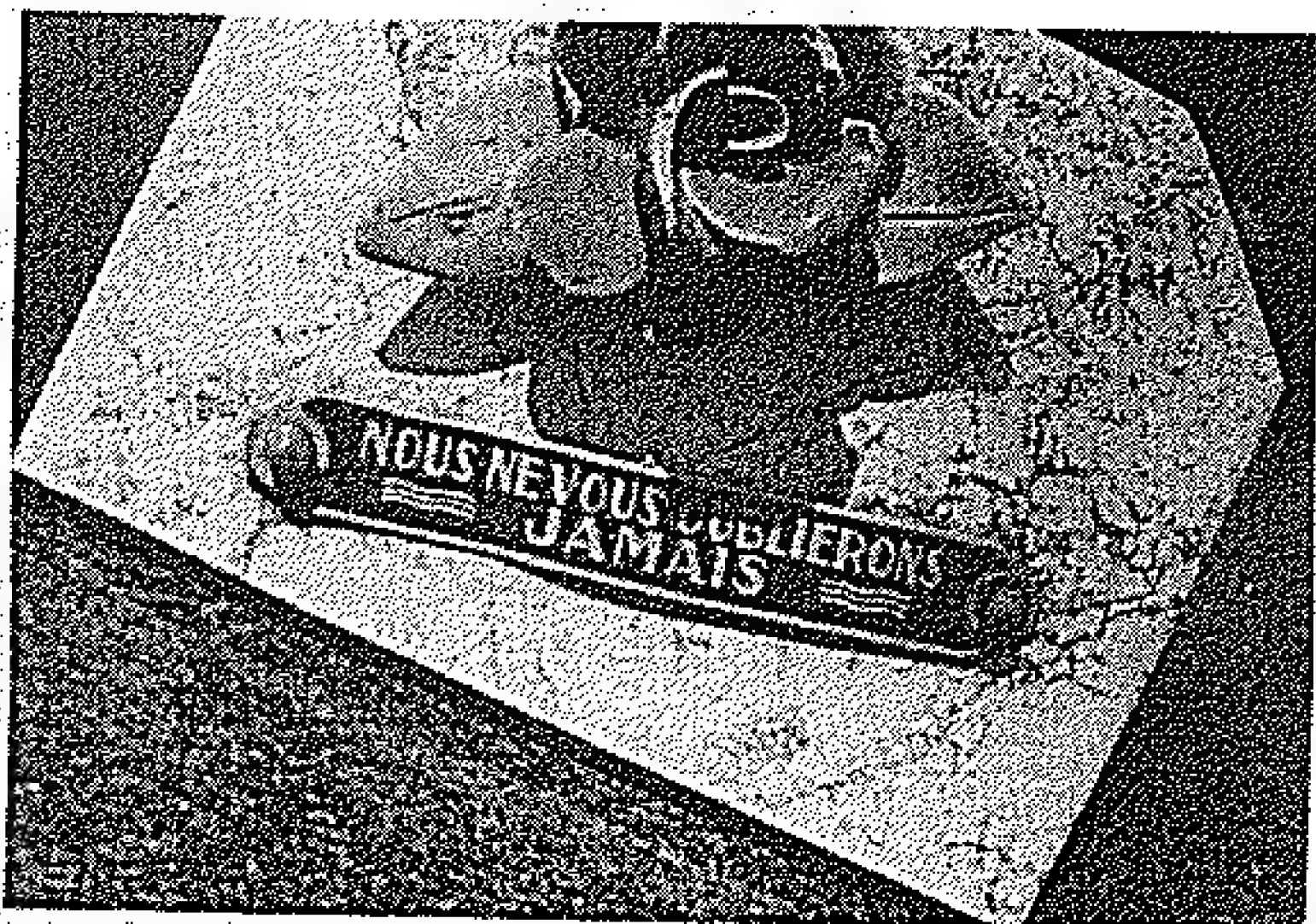
*The Very Inside: An Anthology of Writings by Asia and Pacific
Islander Lesbians and Bisexual Women*
Edited by Sharon Lim-Hing
Sister Vision Press, 1994; ISBN: 0920813976

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**for generously donating
towards our continued
operation.**

Thank you all!



AMY CONGER

*Ay Amor
Amante
Compañera
Hermana
Hermano
Madre
Padre
Hijo
Hija
Ay, Mi Vida*

*Aunque se ha traicionado
La sangre
A si misma*

*Aunque ya saliste
Dejándome aquí detrás
Con tu memoria
Como una herida abierta
O tal vez
Como un jardín dedicado
A la esperanza*

*Aunque no hay palabras
Para decirte tanto
Tanto
Tanto me haces falta*

*Éste día
Se acercan los dos mundos...
La puerta está abierta
Ven
Ven
Ven aquí
Te quiero abrazar.
Todo que hemos compartido
Mantengo aquí
En el corriente vivo
De todo mi ser.*

*Bríndame, y toma conmigo
Un trago más del elixir de la vida.
Soñaré contigo esta noche
Y amaneceré con tu nombre
Deslizando por mis labios
Sussurando adentro del corazón.*

Oh, Love
Lover
Companion
Sister
Brother
Mother
Father
Son
Daughter
Oh, love of my life

Although your very blood
Has itself betrayed you

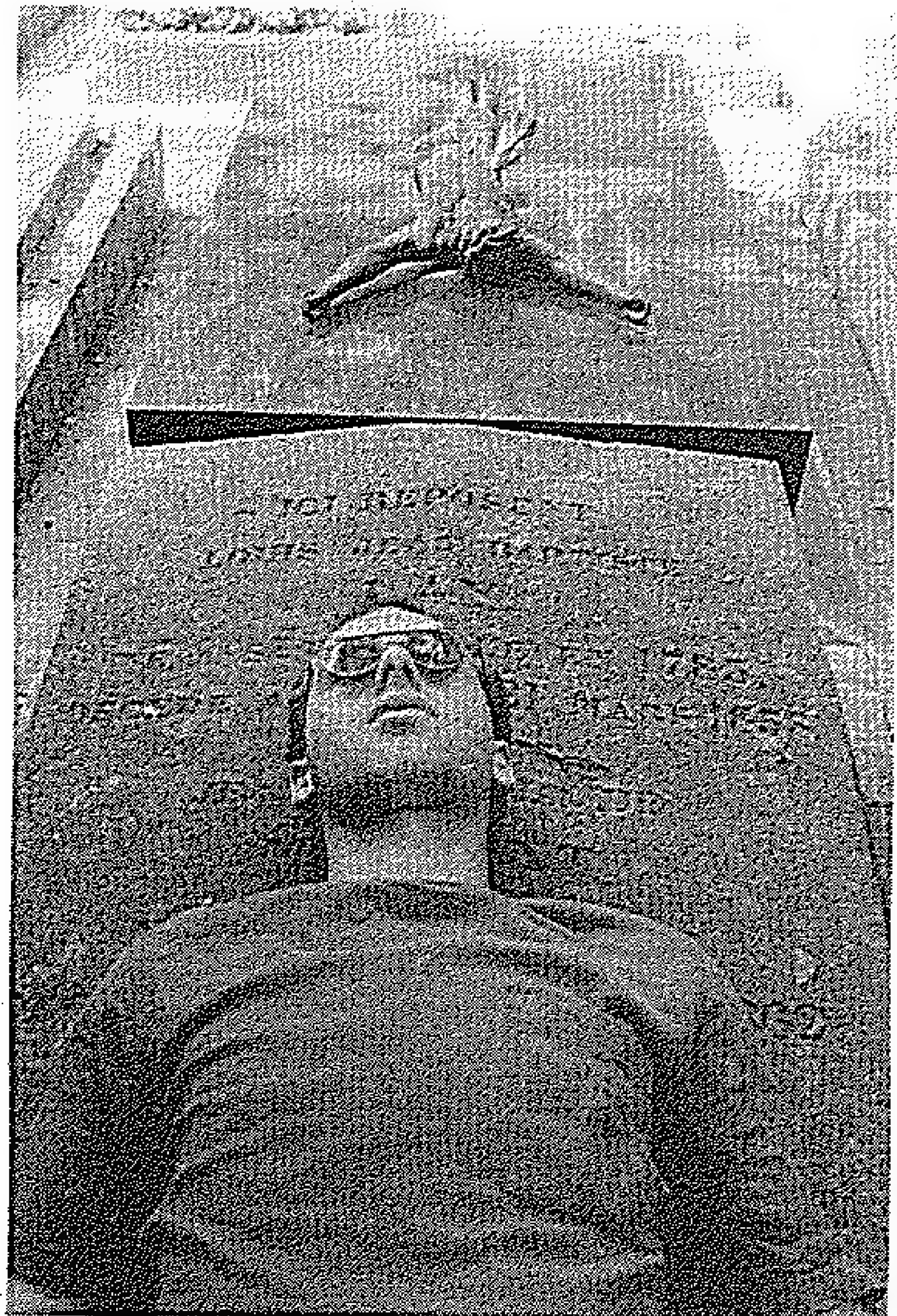
Though you have gone already
Leaving me behind
Your memory
Like an open wound
Or a garden of hope

Although there are no words for
How
Very
Much
You are missed

This day
Our two worlds approach each other...
The door is open.
Come to me
Come to me
Come to me here
I want to hold you
Within me
In the living current
Of all that I am
All that we have shared
Remains.

Touch glasses with me
Drink with me
One drop more of life's elixir.
Tonight, with you I shall dream
and I will wake to your name
as it glides across my lips,
whispers to my heart.

Michael Lefkowitz is ATM's new Poetry Editor. He works with developmentally disabled adults, volunteers with the SF AIDS Foundation, practices Wicca, and is studying Qi Gong, bellydance, and Brazilian dance. This piece was originally written in Spanish for an altar the SF AIDS Foundation created for a Día De Los Muertos celebration. It was published in both English and Spanish versions on <http://www.oaklandnews.com>.



AMY CONGER

SO THIS GREEK GOD WALKS INTO A BAR...

by Carmina Burrito

illustrations by Michael Moss



"I can still remember when the cosmetics industry consisted of a few Phoenician traders toting jars of pomade," Hymen grumbled as he plunked down the enormous green vinyl bag he'd toted home from the Clinique counter at Nordstrom. "A makeover meant trying rouge made of ox tongue instead of crushed seaweed."

"Oh, quit bitching," said Athena. "At least you've got the features to pull this off." The goddess of wisdom managed to lounge on her futon in the loft they shared, despite wearing stiff leather chaps. Athena had told Hymen she'd decided to become a "Fierce Butch," whatever that meant.

Hymen scrutinized his waifish face in the mirror. "Being the god of marriage doesn't mean I have to be frumpy, does it? It was looking good in a dress that got me the gig in the first place."

As a godling, Hymen had disguised himself as a girl and joined a group of women celebrating the Festival of Demeter. They had been kidnapped by pirates, but Hymen had helped the women kill their captors. He had earned his love's hand, and eventually his title as the marriage god. His wife had died, and Hymen had found other brides using the same disguise. But he'd been single for — what? — four hundred years?

"Blend," Athena said without sitting up. Hymen stopped streaking his make-up and turned to watch Athena demonstrating a smoothing motion with her fingers. He nodded his thanks.

Hymen had to admit modern cosmetics had some advantages

over ox tongue. That nice woman had helped him match his Hellenic coloring and hadn't been disconcerted by a male customer. "So you really think this Pagan women's gathering would be a good way to meet my next bride?"

"It's much better than your original idea," Athena chortled. Hymen had originally planned to visit something called the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival, until Athena told him, between shrieks of laughter, why he might want to reconsider.

"At least a Pagan gathering will seem like home," Hymen mused. "I mean, I was Pagan long before it was cool."

"You go, girl," Athena said before returning her attention to a biography of Sappho, on which she had already scribbled dozens of corrections she planned to send to the publisher.

Darkness shrouded the Celtic bar hosting the Pagan women's evening. Most of the women present wore black and drank stout, leaving their faces pale shapes in a sea of gloom. Hymen felt out of place in his frilly pink party dress, and the conversations he heard as he roamed the bar didn't make him feel any more at home. He heard a lot about various Celtic or Norse deities whose parties he'd crashed once or twice — they'd had terrible music, but decent food — but nothing about his clan.

At last he overheard a circle of women discussing something called the Defense Of Marriage Act. Here was a subject about which Hymen knew something! "Surely marriage needs no defense," Hymen said. "It is the most sacred institution, join-

ing a man and woman for life." He waited for applause at his clear-cut reasoning. Strangely, none came. In fact, the room grew noticeably less friendly.

"And what about two women? Two men? Or three men and one woman?" Hymen turned to see a woman to his right, whom he hadn't noticed before. He found himself staring into the greenest eyes a mortal could possess.

"Surely you're kidding. Who could contemplate such a perversion?"

"Welp," the woman said, gesturing around with a bony wrist. "Just about everybody in here identifies as bi, and they don't like to be told what kind of relationship they can have, and with whom." Once the woman explained the term "bi" to Hymen, he nodded. They hadn't stuck such labels on people's desires back in the day, but he'd known plenty of "bi" people, and had some experiences himself.

"I'm Marissa," said the woman with whom he'd just been arguing.

"Uh..." Hymen fumbled for a name. He visualized the labels on the jars at home. "I'm Estée Lauder."

A major drawback to being the son of Aphrodite is knowing pretty much immediately when you're falling helplessly in love. As with most of Hymen's fellow gods, love at first sight wasn't just possible but required. He had never fallen in love any other way, nor had he ever been able to stop loving someone once smitten. There was only one problem: How would Marissa react when she found out Hymen's true sex?

He might as well find out as soon as possible. "There are two things you must know about me," Hymen said. "One is that I am a deity walking the Earth."

"My last three boyfriends thought the exact same thing," Marissa said.

"No, really. I'm the Greek God of Marriage. The other is that I am really a male. I have always sought my brides in women's garb."

"Oh." Marissa lifted her skirt, revealing a bulge in her panties. "Me too! Genetically, I mean." She giggled. "The label I prefer is woman-identified man. They let me hang out here because I buy them drinks. So, does being a god mean you can keep it up for hours?"

"You're thinking of my brother Priapus," Hymen said. He started backing towards the bar's door. "I realize I have come to the wrong place, almost as wrong as that gathering in Michigan. I must be on my way."

"OK," Marissa said. "See ya."

Hymen paced the tiny apartment until Athena started sticking out a leather-bound leg to trip him up. "Do you mind?" she barked. "I'm in the middle of a good part."

"I love her, but I may not have her," Hymen muttered for the tenth time.

"Know what I'd do?" Athena asked without looking up.

Hymen kept muttering to himself. "As the marriage god, I may not love a mortal without wedding her. But she and I may not be wed, unless... argh!"

"Well, what I'd do..."

"But if she be not woman born, it is against the laws that I uphold... It's no use..."

See "Greek" (p.24)



"Greek" (from p. 23)

"Ya know what might work?" Athena tried raising her voice.

"But wait! I've got it!" Hymen ran out of the apartment so fast he broke a heel. And kept running down the stairs.

Athena mimicked Hymen's voice: "Gee, Athena, it sure is great having the Goddess of Wisdom for a roommate. Please advise me so I can avoid making an even bigger dork out of myself." Then, in her own voice: "Sure thing, pal. Bring me a beer while you're up, huh?"

Marissa was in the middle of a discussion about politics and memorable caedhlis she'd been to when Hymen limped back into the Grunt and Whistle on one broken heel. He had a run in his hose and streaked mascara.

"It is no good! Mortal, I love you and I must have you as my mate!" He grabbed Marissa's shoulders and kissed her. After a moment, she reciprocated enthusiastically, with tongue. (Even for a Greek god, Hymen was hella cute.)

"Hello again," Marissa gasped at last.

"I've got it all figured out," Hymen said. "We can get married, just as soon as I have you turned into a real woman!"

"A what?"

"Don't worry, it's perfectly painless. Ever read Ovid? I know someone who can give you a uterus in the time it takes to boil an egg."

"Hard or soft?"

Hymen thought Marissa was asking about sexual prowess again, and started explaining his most refined techniques.

Marissa started laughing, in a way that reminded Hymen of Athena. He waited until she stopped for an explanation.

"Look," Marissa finally gasped. "You can't just go around trying to rearrange things to suit yourself. If you're really a god, couldn't you use your awesome powers to accept me as I am?"

"You don't want to become a real woman?"

"Define real. Define woman."

"Argh!"

"I'm guessing that means no. It's easier to try to change me than to accept me. And you got to become a god by taking the easy route, right?"



Hymen really missed the days when you could just turn yourself into a big goose and go around grabbing whomever you wanted. It was easy to see why most of his fellow gods mostly sat at home watching 'Rockford Files' reruns and avoided any contact with mortals. The only deity he knew who seemed to understand anything was Athena, and he could never grasp half what she told him. Speaking of which, hadn't Athena tried to tell him something before he left?

"Stay here, mortal," Hymen told Marissa. "I'll be back." He was about to run all the way back to his apartment when he noticed a payphone outside the bar. He fiddled with his purse for five minutes before he found 35 cents, then dialed his own number. The phone rang for ages before a low, irritable voice sounded.

"What?"

"It's Hymen."

"I know. Are you ready for some advice now?" Hymen nodded. "Good. This is what you do." Hymen listened and scribbled notes on the back of his hand.

"It all sounds complicated," Hymen grumbled. But he still consulted Athena's instructions carefully with one eye while he

sought out Marissa with the other, back inside the bar.

Marissa was nowhere to be found.

He asked after her frantically, but either the other attendees hadn't seen her leave, or they disliked Hymen enough to lie to him. Finally, he spotted her in the corner, playing pinball.

"Apparently I've come on too strong," he informed her.

"Really?" She yanked the little lever that propelled her ball into space. "I hadn't noticed."

"Oh, good. No harm done, then. I was just talking to Athena, she's my roommate, and she says I should slow down and take it gently. Apparently, I'm supposed to wait a minimum of six months before proposing anything serious."

"Oh." Lights flashed for a moment, then Marissa's ball fell into the negative space at the table's base. "That sounds like a challenge for someone as into instant gratification as you."

The 'instant gratification' remark almost started Hymen off explaining how good he was in bed, but he bit his lip. "I'm learning. I have thousands of years of habits to unlearn."

"And what about your qualms about my plumbing?"

"I think we've found a way around those. Anyway, what do you say? Is this course of action acceptable to you?"

Marissa seemed to consider for a moment. Then she shrugged and smiled at Hymen. "Why not? We'll give it a spin and see what happens."

Hymen whooped with joy, then leaned over and kissed Marissa more passionately than ever. They explored each other's bodies for a moment, then spent the rest of the night talking and learning about each other's lives.

By the next morning, Hymen didn't mind Athena's plan so much. Waiting six months would allow Hymen and Marissa to have a lovely June ceremony, with enough lead time to work it into Dionysos' schedule. They'd have a chance to get to know each other, and their union would be that much more meaningful in the end. And Hymen supposed he'd get used to the idea of becoming the God of Domestic Partner Benefits, eventually.

Carmina Burrito lives in Vermont with her wicked step-mother, who forces her to work twelve hours a day baking cakes depicting scenes of sadomasochism between ducks and pigeons, and occasionally, turkeys.

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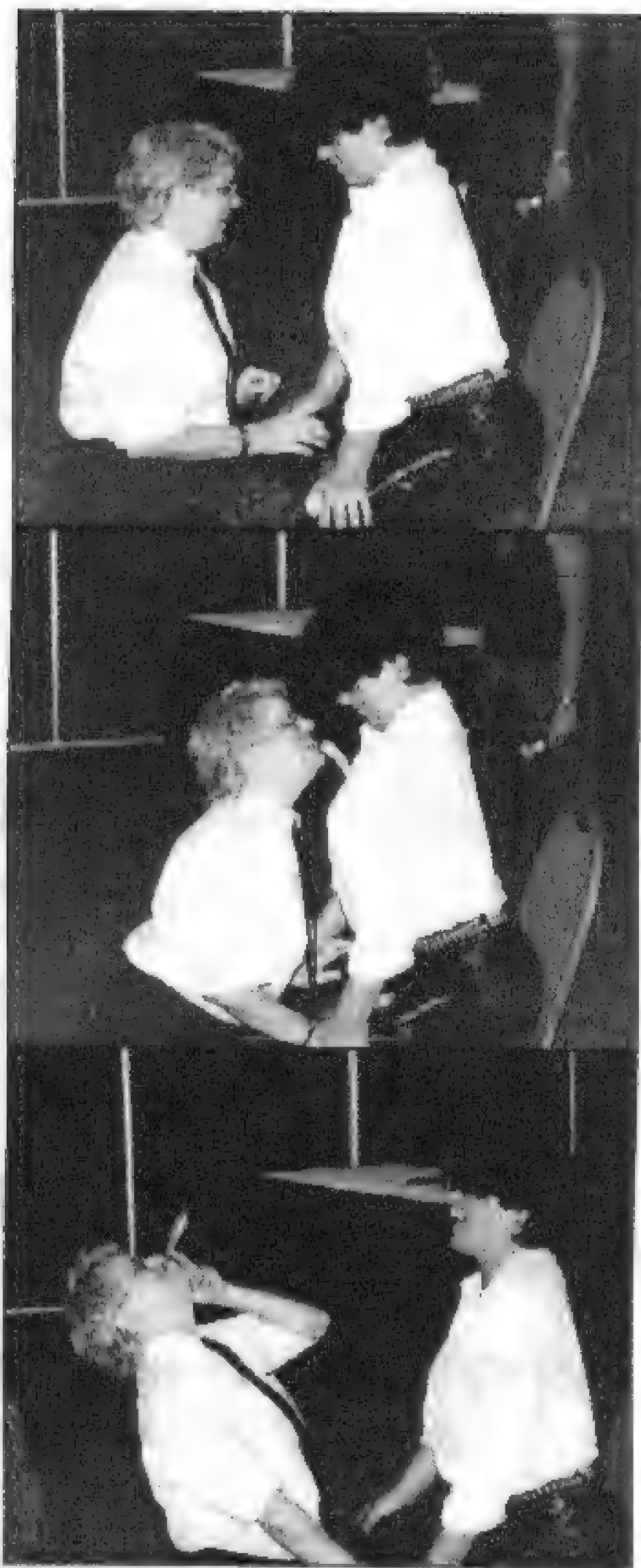
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Creating Change '99: One Bisexual's View from the Front

text and photos by Keith Bowers



DOES POLITICS TAKE THE "SEX" OUT OF SEXUALITY? NOT IN A BISEXUAL CROWD. ORGANIZERS AT AN AFTER-HOURS BINET RECEPTION USED EROTIC ENERGY TO HELP RAISE MONEY. OAKLAND RESIDENT STEPHANIE BERGER (RIGHT) AUCTIONED OFF A PAIR OF GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS TICKETS -- AND THE HIGHEST BIDDER (KRIS ROEHLING OF ORLANDO, FLA.) FETCHES HER PRIZE FROM STEPHANIE'S CLEAVAGE. ABOUT 100 PEOPLE TURNED OUT FOR THE EVENT THAT RAISED \$1,300.

"Sexual orientation isn't about sex."

"If you're not into politics, you can still be an activist."

"You might be queer, but you're not queer enough."

These were among the paradoxes I found at the Creating Change conference in November in Oakland. More than 2,500 bisexual, transgender, gay and lesbian people from all 50 states converged on the City Center Marriott for five days in this annual flagship event of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force.

Creating Change is the largest annual gathering of the American gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender movement. Held in a different city annually for 12 years, it covers topics including youth issues, racism, spirituality, sexual identity and aging. Organizers aim to train as many of the faithful as possible in grassroots political activism. Accordingly, people canvassed Oakland neighborhoods en masse, campaigning against the Knight Initiative, a spring ballot measure that would prevent California from acknowledging same-sex marriages performed in other states. (Same-sex marriage is already illegal in California.)

Having come out as bisexual only a couple of years ago, I saw the conference as a way to meet people, find the elusive bi community and define my role in it. Several bi activists had told me that

despite its name, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force does a lot for the bisexuals in its mix, and that Creating Change was a sight to behold. So I decided to educate myself. I volunteered to help organize the event and see it from the inside out.

More than anything, I found paradox.

Opening night was a perfect example. I distrust anything institutional — such as a political group thousands of members strong like the NGLTF. Regardless, I trembled with pride seeing Oakland Mayor Jerry Brown addressing hundreds of queers, with enormous rainbow flags lining the walls of the Oakland Convention Center. Several participants agreed that it was "an absurdist moment" — politically opportunistic by Brown on one hand, but charismatic and awe-inspiring on the other.

Two nights later, contradiction struck again. To begin with, the conference had its share of infighting, from territorial gay men and lesbians to vitriolic transgender people to us bisexuals, demanding to be included in the movement's concerns. But when a transgender person was assaulted early one morning near the conference and police were accused of being hostile and homophobic while responding, by nightfall about 1,000 people were marching on the Oakland Police Department to demand an investigation. Again, regardless of your take on things, you couldn't help but be inspired by so many spirited, dedicated people coming together despite their differences.

A Different Kind of Same

But Creating Change was by no means a giant exercise in feel-good queer solidarity. NGLTF Executive Director Kerry Lobel opened the conference by shaking people up, mostly on issues of sex and sexual identity. Of four opening-night panelists, two were transsexual, one was openly bisexual, and the other was a gender-bending lesbian who advocates free sexual expression for all. Two workshops were titled, "What's Sex Got To Do With It?" A bisexual fund-raiser included erotic reading and an auctioned-off fantasy date with a sexy couple. A local troupe called the Safer Sex Sluts graphically demonstrated use of latex, lube and other supplies.

"What kind of movement do we want to be?" Lobel asked. "Are we willing to be uncomfortable?"

Nowhere was this more apparent than on the topic of sex.

Obviously, sex is a key ingredient of sexual orientation. But certain powerful factions within the movement do all they can to avoid talking about it.

"Our own mainstream organizations generally avoid sex like the plague," said Jeff Montgomery, executive director of Detroit-based advocacy group the Triangle Foundation.

These curmudgeons contend that the topic of sex limits the movement's credibility in the eyes of the American mainstream. (Some gay people use the same logic to exclude bisexual and transgender folks from their ranks.) There are some who say that the orgasm is simply overrated, and sex isn't that important. Still others say that being queer isn't really about sex anyway.

But isn't it?

To me, the most inescapable aspect of Creating Change was the "unofficial" sexual energy that pervaded the convention center. It was everywhere. For almost a week, the Marriott was like a giant college dormitory with room service and safer sex supplies. I got cruised in hallways. I got cruised in a bathroom. I got cruised (and did some cruising) during interviews. In the bisexual spaces, everyone cruised everyone. As people gathered before the protest march, a flirtatious flat-topped boy from Iowa asked me to meet him later at a leather bar. And the oddest part? It didn't seem a bit inappropriate. In fact, it felt life-affirming for us to use love and lust playfully, positively, to counter the hostility that had befallen one of our own.

Disagreement over sex is nothing new among sexual minorities. Through every incarnation of organized queerness, certain people have believed that being perceived as "just like everyone else" will lead to acceptance and equality.

"There are holes in the queer movement so big you could drive planets through them, and one of the biggest ones is around

sex," said David Rostcheck of the Bisexual Resource Center in Boston.

Rostcheck and others say they see homophobia as part of a bigger problem in society — the fear of sex in general. They believe the queer establishment needs to become less isolated so it can reach people on more human levels. Unless people can get comfortable talking about sex, Rostcheck said, they'll never tolerate sexual minorities legally and socially.



THE LARGEST ROOM OF THE OAKLAND CONVENTION CENTER WAS FILLED TO CAPACITY THE LAST DAY OF THE CONFERENCE FOR BRUNCH AND A SERIES OF SPEAKERS.

He cited the speakers and panelists as an example. The roster contained many veterans from within the political movement. And, to be sure, several people with views outside the queer norm were also invited. But Rostcheck wondered why people such as Camille Paglia and Susie Bright — both of whom write columns in the mainstream press — were not there. These women are sex radicals who reach audiences far outside the BGLT political nucleus. He said such viewpoints could help queers gain favor with the general public in ways that "insiders" might not ever consider.

Two Types of Activism

This illustrates two approaches to queer activism I encountered: traditional electoral efforts vs. "guerrilla activism" done by sex educators, video producers, writers and others.

One "outsider" invited to speak at the conference was Dr. Carol Queen, who attended with her partner, Dr. Robert Morgan Lawrence.

"I certainly see what Robert and I do as activism," said Queen, a cultural sexologist whose accomplishments include books, columns in two weekly newspapers, and workshops at Good Vibrations, a San Francisco-based sex toy store.

See "Creating Change" (p.28)



ON THE FOURTH NIGHT OF THE CONFERENCE, PARTICIPANTS TURNED WORDS INTO ACTION. A TRANSGENDER WOMAN WAS ASSAULTED A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE HOTEL EARLY ONE MORNING, AND AN OAKLAND POLICE OFFICER WHO RESPONDED TO THE CRIME WAS ACCUSED OF BEING HOMOPHOBIC AND INSENSITIVE TOWARD THE VICTIM. THAT EVENING, ABOUT 1,000 PEOPLE ASSEMBLED AND MARCHED A FEW BLOCKS DOWN BROADWAY TO THE OAKLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT TO DEMAND AN INVESTIGATION. BY THE END OF THE RALLY, THE MAYOR'S OFFICE HAD CONTACTED ACTIVIST LEADERS, AND POLICE TOOK STATEMENTS FROM WITNESSES TO BEGIN AN INTERNAL PROBE OF THE MORNING'S ASSAULT RESPONSE.

She said sexual outlaws of all types can gain strength by embracing each other, no matter what their orientation or identity. Such a confederacy already exists outside political circles in the San Francisco Bay Area, mostly through groups using descriptors such as pansexual, omnisexual or just plain kinky. "In real life, outside of political rhetoric, it works out pretty well when groups find each other that way," she said.

Having been rejected by many of her lesbian peers years ago after she identified as bisexual, Queen said the queer political mainstream continues to turn many people away, perhaps without knowing it. She observed that the NGLTF is willing to put a bisexual activist like Lani Ka'ahumanu on its board of directors, but it hasn't yet changed its name to reflect its membership — which some people estimate to be almost half bisexual and transgendered. Such institutional stubbornness undoubtedly keeps valuable people away.

To be sure, Queen and others see the need for electoral activism. Groups like the NGLTF help raise money and organize campaigns against anti-queer ballot measures such as California's Knight Initiative, and they work toward establishing domestic partner ordinances and similar laws across the nation. Stephanie Berger is among those who keep their focus in this realm.

"I love what the NGLTF is doing," said Berger, a former board member of BiNet. "And over the years, the NGLTF has stuck its neck out for the bi and trans communities."

Berger, a TV producer who helped organize media relations for the conference, said Creating Change helps pull more people into the movement.

"We need to train our replacements," she said.

She cited the rally as an example, saying the event gave organizers and newcomers alike the chance to use what they were learning in quite an impressive way.

"A hate crime occurred," she said, "and within four hours of us knowing about it, we had more than 1,000 people gathered. Three television stations were there, and the mayor's office was on the phone."

Not Queer Enough?

These two approaches to activism partly reflect the unrest between gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender populations. Some bisexuals feel at home in the larger movement, but others feel thwarted and choose to focus elsewhere.

During a brief visit to the conference, San Francisco Board of Supervisors President and then-mayoral candidate Tom Ammiano characterized queers as "one big, happy, dysfunctional family." Everyone laughed in agreement, knowing what a motley crew they're part of.

But it's not always a laughing matter. I've found some gay men and lesbians who are just as small-minded as homophobic straight people. From the minute I signed up for Creating Change I was worried about this, and the beginning of the conference was dubious. At a cocktail reception, gay Berkeley City Councilman Kriss Worthington told an audience of about 100 that it's important to elect "gay and lesbian candidates" to local office. As the crowd began to roar, a determined — but greatly outnumbered — voice shouted "and bisexuals!"

I hoped it wasn't an omen.



A TRANSGENDER ACTIVIST TELLS THE CROWD AND OAKLAND POLICE THAT SHE WON'T STAND FOR INTOLERANCE.

But a later workshop about men's sexual identity was far worse. One of the speakers was a gay Bostonian who works closely with bisexuals in his community and openly supports the bi cause, as do many gay men and lesbians. But two outspoken gay men in the audience dominated the exchange by repeatedly slamming bisexuals. One essentially taunted the bi men in the room for having the audacity to occupy the same space as him and his brethren, saying, "Whatever we do for you, you're never satisfied." Recognizing gay hostility at a level I had only read about up to that point, I asked myself, "What the hell am I doing here?"

But I found out soon enough. Creating Change was a gold mine of bisexual community. Our contingent was so well-represented that heartfelt support was never hard to find. People who I'd known only from e-mail exchanges suddenly felt like old friends — some even felt like lovers. People I'd never met were open and accepting. The energy made me feel so headstrong, I could see why some people felt at home there.

"The great thing about bi space is that everyone's there — everyone is potential family," Berger said. "We have our own sensibility. It's very inclusive, very flirtatious, very welcoming and safe."

Asked why she continues to work within a movement that includes biphobic factions, Berger said she and other bisexuals are securing their place in the cause by visibly working and getting credit for their efforts. "People can't un-invite me from the table if I'm the one throwing the dinner party," she said.

Berger said she sees bisexuals as an important part of the movement: "If they (gay men and lesbians) get to know what our lives are like, they'll realize that there are places where all our lives intersect." And in those places queer activism can thrive.

Other people, however, find the intolerance, well, intolerable.

"To show back up at the table after a 20-year absence — that was interesting," said Queen, who says she's definitely seen changes. For one thing, an open bisexual such as herself would not have been included on a speaking panel in the 1970s.

"Everyone's not exactly rowing in the same boat," she said, "but pretty much everyone's rowing."

But Queen took exception to the biphobic, separatist sentiment that's still given space in queer politics. After one workshop, she and other bisexuals reported being talked down to by old-school lesbian panelists who have long advocated strict adherence to political codes of thought and behavior for women — which include little or no contact with men, especially sexual.

"It was a damned crying shame that 20 years later [they are] still making bisexual women cry," Queen said. "[They] should be under glass. [They] should be in the fucking Smithsonian."

The usually upbeat and mirthful Queen made no attempt to mask her bitterness toward these women, even questioning their very claim to space within the movement.

"The fact that the gay and lesbian community let these people in the door in the first place amazes me," she said. "If this is the population that patrols the border between gay and bisexual, who let them in?"

Queen said the separatists were so influential in the 1970s that queer women had few choices that would not bring rejection and ostracism. NGLTF's Lobel echoed this sentiment in her opening speech.

"In retrospect," Queen said, "it feels as if we were being colonized."

Outsider Pride

Creating Change showed me that bisexuals may take different courses, but our spirit is essentially the same: We buck the trend in any context because we have to.

With all due respect to other sexual minorities, being bisexual isn't easy. We fight the power structure of the straight world, only to get similar treatment from much of the gay and lesbian establishment. We may be able to "pass" on both sides, but we don't really feel at home in either because we're usually assumed to be something we're not — gay or straight.

We do feel at home, though, on the rare occasions that we're together in a group, and this proved itself at the end of the conference. In the largest room of the Convention Center, after the crowd had cleared and was on its way home, a group of about 20 bi folks sat talking, still excited to be in each other's presence, squeezing every bit of energy we could from the gathering. We talked a little about the conference, a little about the future. But more than anything, we hung on for just a bit longer, flirting with each other and talking more about sex and spirit than anything else.

I don't know if I've ever felt quite so much at home.



CULTURAL SEXOLOGIST DR. CAROL QUEEN SPOKE ON AN OPENING-NIGHT PANEL. A ONE-TIME LESBIAN ACTIVIST WHO WAS OSTRACIZED AFTER COMING OUT AS BI, QUEEN SAID QUEER CULTURE IS NOW MORE INCLUSIVE, BUT STILL HAS A WAY TO GO.

Keith Bowers is a member of the Anything That Moves editorial staff, and is also the reviews editor for Black Sheets magazine.

THE TROUBLE WITH

AC/DC,
Switch hitter,
Fetice sitter,
IMMATURE.

Half het,
Gone slumming,
MARRIED man,
TRADE.

Bl girl,
Baby DYKE,
PSYCHOPATH,
BITCH.

Het privilege,
Male privilege
White privilege,
"Queer".

Selfish,
DISLOYAL,
AIDS carrier,
Liar.

DON'T say that,
Sit down and be quiet,
Stand UP for your rights,
Come out of the closet!

You CAN'T march in the parade,
You have to march in the parade,
Okay, you can MARCH in the parade
But you can't be on the steering committee.

You just want it BOTH ways,
Stop being greedy,
I don't date BISEXUALS,
I can't COMPETE.

You're really gay.
You're really STRAIGHT,
You're really confusing me,
Bisexuals DON'T exist.

This is just a stage,
This is just a phase.
This is just a pose,
This is just a way to attract KINKY WOMEN.

I blame your weak father,
I blame your OVERBEARING MOTHER,
I, personally, blame Donna Pante. —
Damn you Ziggy Stardust!

It's GENETIC.
It's the way you were raised,
It's just something you saw on TV,
Oh, that's so SUDEPID!

Real MEN only fuck WOMEN.
A real man could take my WHOLE ARM.
Real men don't suck cock in public,
You just want to be a woman!

BEING BISEXUAL

BY JACK RANDOM

You're too *femme* to be a DYKE,
You look too **butch** to be straight,
Aren't penises just kind of gross?
You just want to be a faggot!

Hey, no STRAIGHT make-out!
You're trying to colonize *gay space*,
You're infecting the **hetero population**,
Don't you people have your **own** bars?

I'll never be **enough** for you,
You'll leave me for a **MAN**,
You'll leave me for a *woman*,
You never leave me *alone*.

Why didn't you tell me about this *before* now?
Who the **HELL** do you think *you* are?
Let me tell you what I think.
Do you *have* to talk about it all the time?

You just need a hard *cock*,
You just need a **good** woman,
You just need to accept Jesus Christ
As your lord and savior.

Psychotherapy will save you,
Politics will save you,
Meditation will save you,
You're **HOPELESS!**

This is *silly*,
This is **DANGEROUS**,
Isn't *this* how ROME fell?
This is the end of Western civilization!

Double your pleasure,
The **best** of both worlds,
Twice as many potential *lovers* —

In a *perfect* world,
everybody would be **bisexual**.

Jack Random is a long-haired bisexual, Pagan, poet, pornographer, and Leather Daddy who actually lives the life he writes about. He can be reached for almost any purpose at: RandomJ@earthlink.net, and yes, that is his real name.

Roll Your Own Erotic Manifesto



BOEOTIA, 6c BC

By Susie Bright
Excerpted from her novel *Full Exposure*

I. Talk about sex anywhere.

The most audacious act of public sex is talking about it. Sex is as delicious a conversation piece as food or music; it is as infinite as weather, and twice as interesting. Sexual conversation puts an end to small talk and small minds. It belongs at dinner tables and airports and church, and anywhere that people exchange ideas.

Some people think that sex talk is gossip — that it's a rude joke, a calculated play. Maybe they've never had a talk about sex that was honest, or that ended with a question mark, or that was intellectual and even luscious. Maybe they've never talked about sex without a threat underlying it.

What could you say about sex today, to a friend or stranger, that would open the doors, instead of shutting someone out?

II. Take inspiration from everyone and instruction from no one.

You never have to worry about becoming a sexual imitation of someone else, because it's impossible. You only have to worry when you hide your true side, your fear at the thought of showing your joy at what delights you, or your despair when silence seems like the only way to survive. Erotic creativity is like a modern dancer — she has a body, she listens to the music, she takes a deep breath, and she *moves*. No one can tell her which foot goes first, or how to bend. The erotic spirit listens and expresses, never memorizes or recites.

III. Appreciate the simplest erotic gesture.

The headiest erotic memories are from times never advertised, from moments that could not be packaged. Genuine beauty will arrive with great modesty, and yet with a perfection that cannot be reproduced in facsimile. Of course we want to make these moments last, we dream of manifesting them as jewels. But the pleasures of possession are so fleeting. It is the treasure of your sexual creativity, combined with your lover's imagination, that makes erotic flavor last.

IV. Accept no guru's ego — accountability is more cosmic than charisma.

The greatest gift that leaders can give to their followers is the opportunity to disagree with them, to have a vote, to

remain a comrade despite disagreement. There are no sexual gurus who know how to make your erotic body happy with their philosophies, and there never will be any. The best sexual adviser is the person who is the best listener, who asks the best questions, and more than anything, who appreciates the chance to be fallible in public.

V. Give your erotic identity the benefit of your admiration.

I have never been able to post positive affirmations on my mirror. I can't abide those personal exercises where you look at your reflection and say, "I'm fabulous and that's that." I could never resist the notion that such speeches are all the latest trick from Snow White's wicked stepmother.

But I am not entirely filled with piety and humility. I do talk to myself — without notes or reflective surfaces. Sometimes I look at my eyes in the mirror and think about how the fire there is always going to be in there no matter how old I get.

The best thing that ever happened to my sex life was when, by accident, I stopped making comparisons to others — when I was momentarily distracted, and just let myself think and make love as I am. I was at my most content and my most thrilled. If I had happened to catch a glance of myself in the mirror, I would have been surprised — because when I am involved in life, my activity animates my face and body in a way that could never be caught in a pose.

VI. Defy the quick description.

Next time someone asks what you "are," sexually, tell them that nouns will not do. Deliver a story of the last time you were sexual, or imagined an erotic fantasy; and this description will be full of verbs and adjectives and even material that almost defies words. You may have to show it with your hands. Labels, every one of them, should be saved strictly for protest signs and sandwich boards.

VII. Kill envy with erotic kindness.

Envy will wrap around you like a vise — and in its grip you will fear that you will lose, that you don't have a chance. You will circle the ones whose lives you covet, hexing them or vexing yourself, but you won't touch the fire in the middle.

See "Erotic Manifesto" (p.34)

"Erotic Manifesto" (from p.33)

Envy needs an un-Convention to vanquish its tenacity. The opposite of envy isn't carelessness, it's compassion, and we need to cherish it. Instead of feeling smug or angry in your envy, you can start tasting your own fear. Only gentleness and forgiveness will allow that frightful taste to dissolve. Why can't we tell people how we really feel about sex? Why can't we consider our erotic imagination? It's not because someone else has possession of it.



BOEOTIA, 6c BC

VIII. Claim your own fantasy life. Write it all down, every bit of it.

Many people do not think they have fantasies, or they believe their fantasies cannot be articulated. Others think their fantasy lives are so banal that it is easier to refer to a few generic descriptions. But whether you think you are fantasy-free or a walking stereotype of cheesy porn, if you actually recorded your aroused thoughts in detail, you would find you are neither.

As my friend Jack Morin says in *The Erotic Mind*, "Imagine yourself really wanting to be sexually aroused and for some reason you're not. Based on everything you know about your sexuality, describe the fantasy that would be the very most likely to arouse you."

IX. Make a recipe for fantasy revelation.

Masturbate. Tell yourself before you begin that you are going to track your thoughts and remember them, much as you might do before you go to bed, telling yourself that you want to remember your dreams. When you begin to get aroused, observe your thoughts without judgment or self-conscious comment.

Right after you orgasm, as if after a dream, reach for a pen and paper next to you, and write down every detail you remember. Describe the climax of the fantasy — not your body necessarily — at the most intense point of your erotic thoughts. Once you have written a fantasy recipe, read it out loud and you will hear something that will surprise you in a most illuminating way.

X. Describe a sexual experience you've never had.

Imagine the taboo, the physically impossible, the offensive, and the just plain surreal. Become an erotic mind traveler with great glee and boundless tolerance. Let yourself be infected with others' sexual charisma — even if you'd never do what they do in a million years. Of course you wouldn't! Erotic mimicry is hopeless — what's possible, and pleasurable, is appreciation and curiosity.

If you can't empathize with sexual inspiration from unpredictable sources, you are turning a deaf ear to your own imagination, and your creativity will suffer more than you can measure.

XI. Decloak right in the middle of fucking.

Expose yourself. Say out loud what you're thinking.

For the longest time, I didn't know that sex talk was an instant aphrodisiac. I would write about sex, I would speak publicly and most graphically — but in bed, I would never voice a word of my fantasies. With longtime lovers, this became even more inexplicable, since I shared so many other things with them, private fears and embarrassments. How could saying my sexual wishes out loud be so catastrophic, when they knew everything else? I was like one of those people who won't let her picture be taken. My erotic voice was my great secret, and I felt like my orgasm would be lost forever if I opened my trap.

My friend Lisa Palac was the catalyst in coaxing my erotic voice box out of its hiding place. She produced a record called *Cyborgasm*, an album of various people's erotic stories. She asked to tape one of mine. I wasn't to describe it as an impartial observer — recording the "pillow talk" was supposed to be as hot as if it were entirely private.

I closed my eyes in front of the mike. I had never told a story so vividly. At the end, I realized that my fantasy did not seem in the least diminished — I felt high, in fact. At

that point, I guess you could say I was provoked into going home and giving it a try with one very surprised lover.

XII. Make your own pornography, accept no imitation.

If you don't like what you see out your window, the most subversive and substantive thing you can do is to make your own vision. If criticizing sex is so important, then where are our role models? Who do you think is going to make erotic expression meaningful to you if not yourself?

Write your own story, your own lyric, pick up the camera. Stop arguing about what is erotic or pornographic, and show me the transcendental sensation. Technology has put the erotic power of any production into the hands of lovers — why not use it?

XIII. Never apologize as a submissive.

Forgiveness and humility are unusual and welcome graces. We are more accustomed to subservience, helplessness, and swallowing bile, all under the guise of "I'm sorry." Genuine sorrow is a different emotion than being sorry-ful. The gift of taking responsibility is a bouquet, it's the opposite of a thousand regrets. Don't tell me you're sorry when you're angry, or when you're horny, or when you're indifferent. That's a wound, not a realization.

XIV. Teach your children privacy, in all its aspects, not just sexual.

Our kids do not belong to us, as tempting as that might be to think. Our memory that they came out of us is misleading because they are not our words, our thoughts, or our waste. They have their own imaginations that we neither create nor undo; they live in our house, but they have their own world. We can respect and admire their world by giving them privacy, tolerance, an appreciation for our own bodies, and a great feeling of love beyond possession.

XV. Expose your body to the sensuous elements.

Appreciate weather, from sheets of rain to winter sun to twilight humidity. Firelight, candlelight, spotlights, light of all kinds. Other people's skin, their face, their genitals, their hair

around your fingers. Baby skin, and feather-soft old people's skin. Large balls of softness, and edges that might be too sharp. Things that melt in your mouth and your hands. Anything that stings. It's all pure balm.

XVI. Assume everyone is sexual.

To imagine otherwise is one of the most profound and ignorant forms of discrimination.

Your momma is sexual.

Your great-grandma who you never even knew,

Her husband, too —

Your precious baby, and every other precious baby,

That twisted-up guy in a wheelchair,

The thirteen-year-old with thick glasses and orthopedic shoes,

The incredibly homely person that you crossed the street to get away from,

Weird anorexic supermodels, too —

Anyone you don't desire,

and anyone you've ever put on a pedestal.

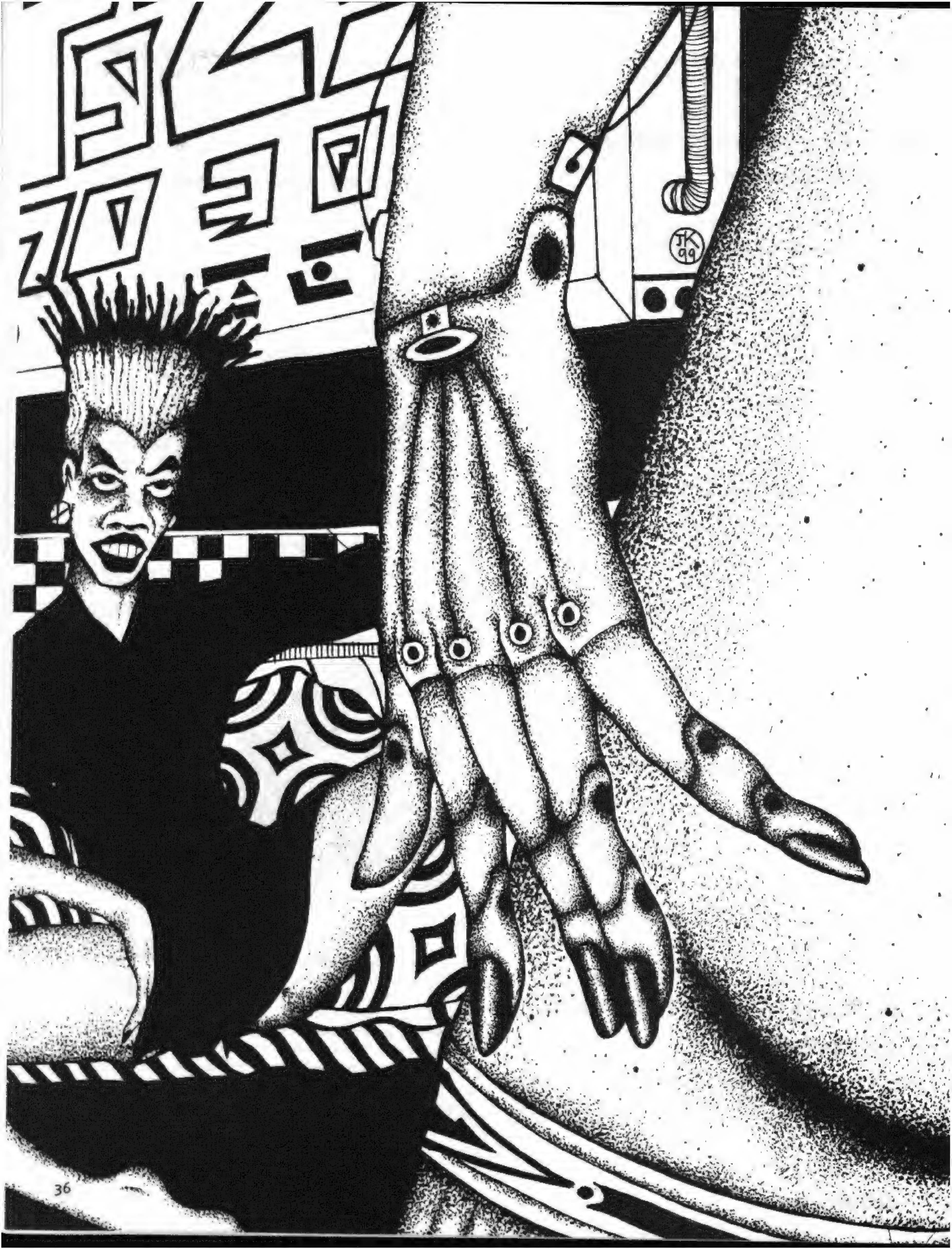
EVERYONE.



BOEOTIA, 6c BC

Susie Bright is the author and editor of more than a dozen books, including The Best American Erotica series, the first three editions of Herotica, Sexwise, and The Sexual State of the Union. She has written for Esquire, Playboy, the Village Voice, the New York Times Book Review, and is a regular columnist for the online magazine Salon (www.salon.com). She lectures and performs at theaters and universities nationwide and currently lives in Northern California.

"Roll Your Own Erotic Manifesto" is excerpted from Ms. Bright's latest book, Full Exposure (1999: HarperCollins, New York, NY).



Lower

Shanghai,

Upper

BY M. CHRISTIAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUBA KALAMKA

Lower Shanghai, the dark and deep port section, pulsing slow and steady with a *red black red black red black* rhythm of cheap neon and fractured laser light. Inside, up there in that flat, it was a silent optical backbeat for the two of them.

One of them sat on a black futon couch, watching, just watching. Her ID called her Ms. Hakata, and the register kept the illusion going. Val hadn't been told what to call her, so she stood there in front of the futon in the *red black red black* neon pulse and didn't move.

"Get rid of that," Cox said, waving a glowing THC stick tip in Val's direction.

Thwap. Val's plastic raincoat flopped on the floor. The tension avoided artistic metaphors of dull cocoons. Val stood in front of her client, in front of the obviously unfriendly Cox, in a simple black number: plain cotton dress, short enough to show smooth knees, good calves, sleeves short enough for creamy upper arms, neckline low enough to show that they *were* really that big.

And a single opera-length latex glove.

"And that —"

The simple black dress landed on the tami with the same cool drop, and Val stood there in lingerie glory: black lace push-up pushing up same, creamy as those upper arms. 38-some-things, probably upper scale, and the one thing you don't

bring with you to a high-class playroom in the dark shadows of Shanghai is a tape measure. Upper 30s, just as Cox had ordered. When you have the yen, you get what you want.

Silk panties, basic but fem enough for that little pad of tissue to show. Garter belt. Very fem, but on those hips it worked. Riding low and tight (but not cutting, no wire through cheese), but the legs were the very best. Fine as something that had walked out of some museum somewhere. The hose were silk and fine, but were nothing but shade and shadows on those perfect pins.

Cox was a leg lady. Picked it up somewhere, and enjoyed it too fucking much. The tits, she'd typed into the datanet, to the Theatre, had to be upper-30s-something, but the legs, ah, those legs had to be fine.

Yeah, you get your yen's worth. And she had spent enough on this. Money well worth it.

"And that —"

The name of the game, Cox thought — and everyone knew it, from the Theatre and its huge client-base and talent scouts to little Val here and the hotel manager to everyone who knew the business — was to *Get The Client Off*.

The bra dropped. Val's tits didn't. Ah, but they didn't hang there like some kind of silicone joke, either. They sagged just enough for Cox's trained gaze to determine it was a good job,

See "Fully Accessorized" (p.38)


"Fully Accessorized" (from p.37)

at least. Ah, but pretty, pretty, pretty. Cox was in a simple black kimono — simple in its expensive silk and basic style. Nothing to get in her way as she spread her own legs just enough to not appear too hungry. This was about control. The game was to *Get Val Off*, but it wouldn't do to have it happen while the property smiled at her own dripping cunt/mouth. Cox ran a finger from cunt mouth to clit and stopped and pressed —

"And that thing — "

Shaved. Val was heavy in a sex kitten kind of way — just enough for smooth curves and gentle slopes. Not fat, not that far, but not the bones and ligaments that Cox had twisted in her own body from running, dealing, scoring and heavy/heavy celebrations. Val's body was milk-fed, a pampered machine engineered and scalpeled to hit the requirements: hard fine legs, baby-smooth-yet-taut stomach, tits that lifted high and fine and big enough and hard enough to play with but not things that would fall into her armpits when you finally got her down on the bed.

"Okay," Cox said, "now that —" waving towards the single right glove. It came *slowly* off — an inchworm of hot, sticky latex, the one piece of the outfit that definitely didn't belong — and so had to come off. Inchworm, inchworm of soft, pale skin.

 Cox watched the degloving with glued attention, eyes never leaving the act, the arm. As she sat, engrossed, one of her own, harder, callused, hands dropped down to her crotch. Kneading, she watched. Working her own hand in, and onto her clit, she watched the glove.

Pale flesh, then the pink plastic gasket ring of a Mitsubishi implant. High quality. Wet-pussy, state-of-the-art: no Korean polymers, no French stainless. Cox had asked for, and gotten, a fuckin' Mitsubishi.

The hand was a fine-tooled example of the marriage in harmony of the best in Japanese prostheses and aesthetics. It was fine teak, polished smoother than the hand it had replaced, set with matte-black joints, cables with undulating polymer cords. Cox knew that it was telling Val all a real hand would have — the freckles of sensory nipples and the compound microfibers that ran through the teak like veins were a sign of someone who hadn't just sold their right arm for an arm. Val had sold her right arm for something far better.

Insert slightly embarrassing moment here: Cox flexed her long, hard body up to get a twist of the kimono out of the crack of her ass. Bottomless, she spread her columnar legs and made a quick, flighty gesture with her own mere-flesh-and-mere-blood right hand — put 'er there —

Val smiled a geisha smile, as cool as the hand she latexed with a surgical glove, as cool as the quick squirt of Adventure Lube™ she spurted into the gloved Japanese hand.

And then the little girl knelt down in front of the big girl, an act that could never be called embarrassing or clumsy. It was part of the strip, part of the act, part of fucking. It was a never-touch foreplay that started with Val standing on her heels and looking down, geisha cold, and sinuously gliding down to a hot squat before the rocky Cox.

With her cold hand, she parted Cox's shaved lips. Cox moved a bit here, to comfort herself, to ease her worker's body into the birthing, fist-fucking, position. She spread 'em wide and watched Val's frozen smile as she eased one, then two, then three, into Cox's warm, hot, hotter, fucking, steaming, cunt.

Inside, back and forth. Inside, hot and foaming with cunt juice. This was what the customer wanted; this was what the customer ordered. Cox's cunt was used to this, and with a twist, and a swing wide of strong worker legs, she.... just... simply... opened up. Give Val credit, she knew that hand, that Japan tech prosthesis — she knew the insides of a woman, knew the architecture. She drove the warm, carved wood into Cox.

Inside, gloved by Cox's cunt. Val sat there for a while, watching Cox's face as Val eased her pointed fingers into a thumb-grabbed fist. It was a precise working of precise machine into the cunt, and Val did it with the taste of a microsurgeon, the breath of a midwife. Gradually, Cox moved herself onto the hand, that fine fucking machine, she started to ride and churn her pussy around the hand. Val knew the fuck, knew this was the love of this kind of fist-fuck, this was the glory of it. This was getting able to fuck that glorious Porsche or BMW. This was getting behind the wheel of a glorious piece of engineering and riding the gearshift until orgasm rounded the fucking bend.

The deep come, the cunt come, was hard and pressed. It squeezed down on the Mitsubishi prosthesis like a hot hand-shake. It was a quickie, true. It was sudden, true. But it was only the first dip in the tango.

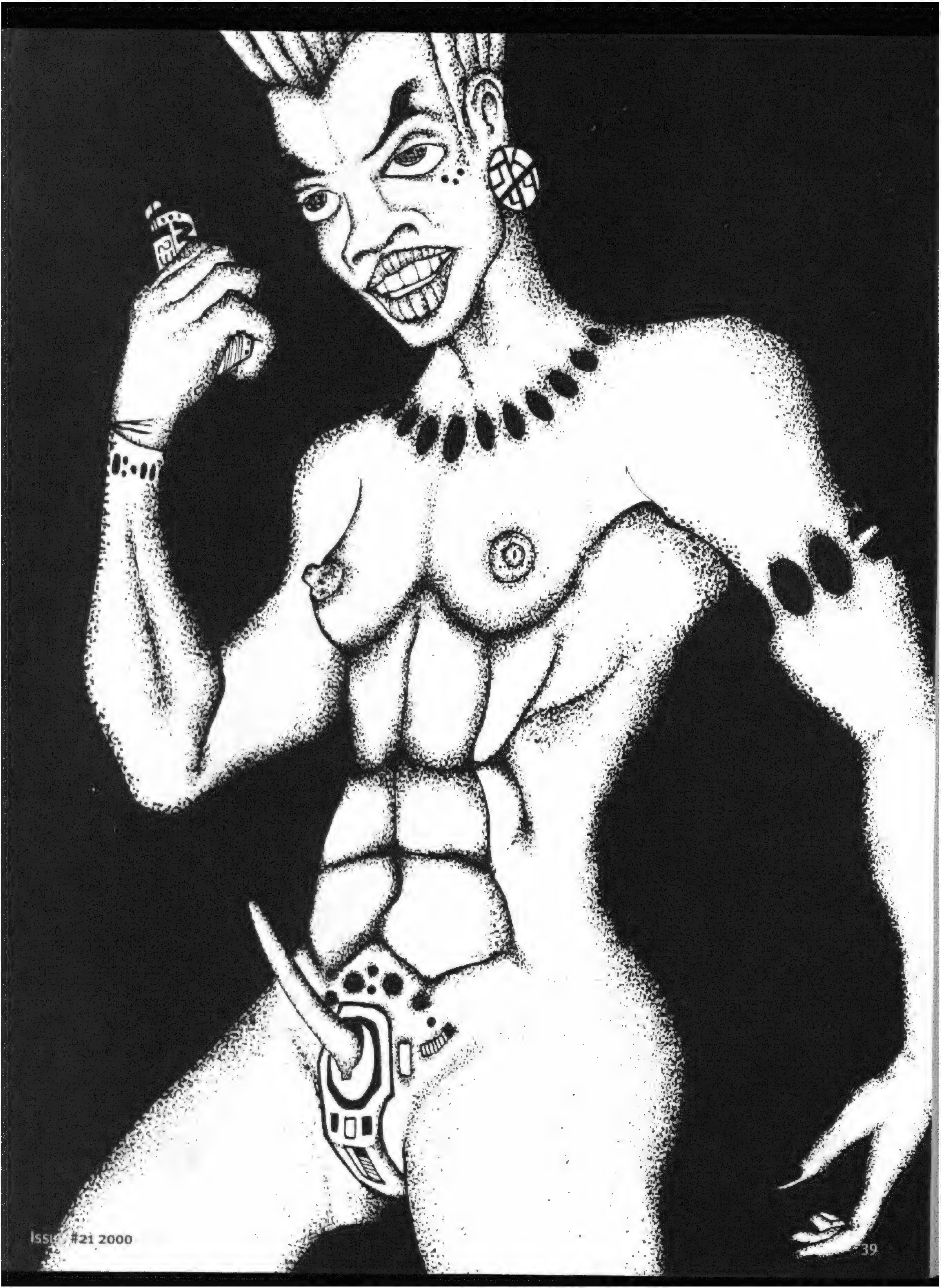
Slowly, Val let Cox push the Mitsubishi out. Easy, designed that way, a fist engineered for fisting: a fist made with the smooth precision of a Swiss — excuse — Japanese watch, and it collapsed down into almost nothing at all with the same single-mindedness of design.

A breather in the action: Val removed the glove from her hand. Cox took a sip of water from a black plastic tumbler. Val stood at rest. Cox moved next to the sofa, to a small, black nylon bag.

"You're what I asked for, right?" Cox.

"Yes, Sir," Val said.

See "Fully Accessorized" (p.40)



"Fully Accessorized" (from p.38)

"You've got all I asked for, right?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Take it out then."

Nal did. Bigger than maybe the panties could have hidden. Maybe some kind of new special effect, something that inflated from small enough to make a perfectly bulgeless panty. Looked meaty enough, though, and long enough but not so long as to look like a prop, or a bad leatherman fantasy: not *Tom of Finland*, but *Val of Shanghai*. It was a good seven inches of curving dick, and it was all Cox had asked for — long enough to use, without being a waste.

"Play with it. Make it hard."

The point of it, really. The Mitsubishi. After a quick bow and grab at a tube of lube, the turned wood and fine electronics started to work it, pulling it like taffy to start. As blood did what blood will do, it started to become torpid, then engorged, and then ramrod-fucking-hard in the streetlight glare from beyond the windows.

"Good girl," Cox said, playing with her pussy in a lazy, distracted kind of way.

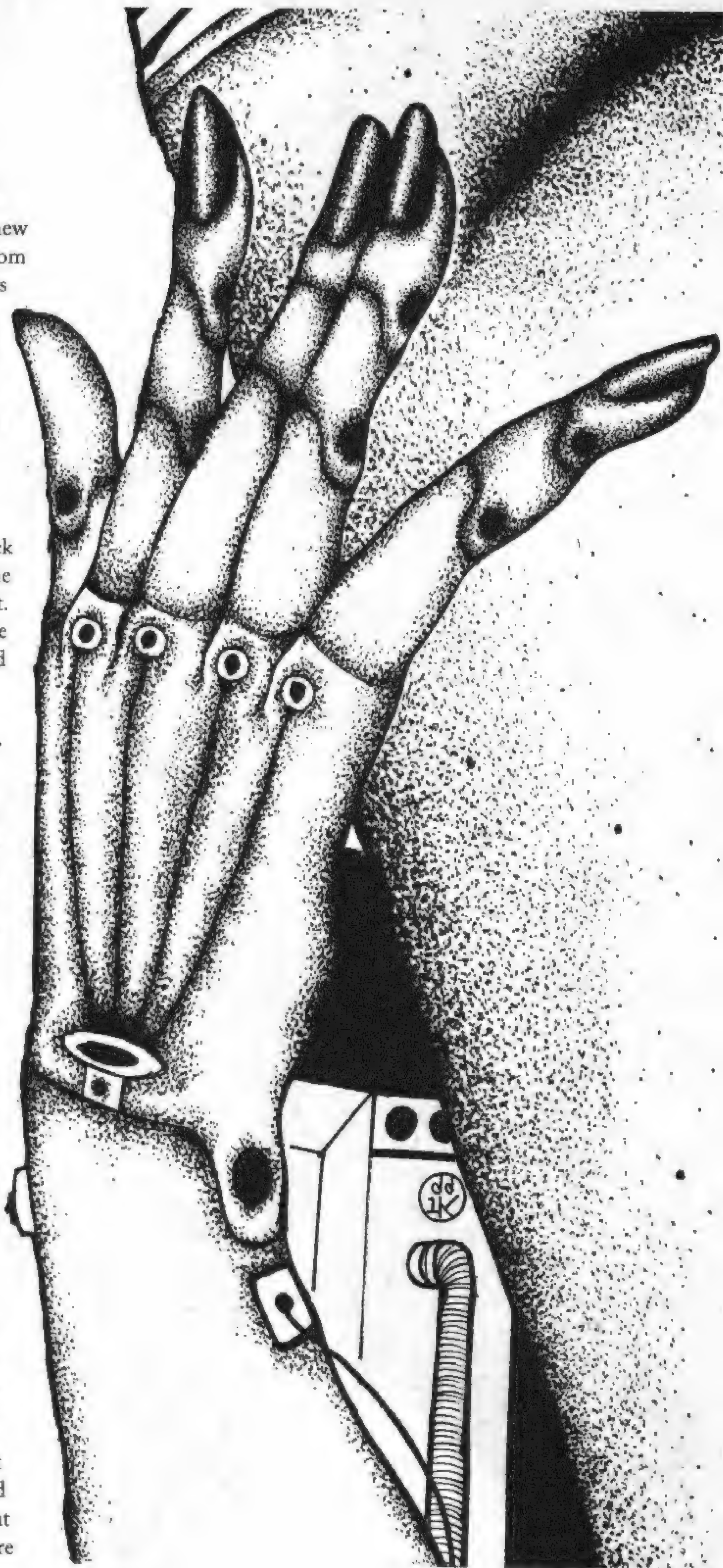
Val's cock was getting hard now. It was stretching and reaching up — bending in that special way that good cocks get when do they get very hard. In the flashing *red black red black red black* of Shanghai, little Val with the big pretty tits got her cock all hard and gleaming in the flicker.

"Work it good, now. Work it good —" Cox said.

— and Val did just that. Did it with a spit of lube and an off-the-shelf right hand. Her cock was a gleaming pole in that flicker, all for the joy of Cox, all for the hungry eyes of Cox. Those eyes and that same gleaming pussy, legs spread wide and inviting. The customer stroked her cock and watched the hungry cunt of Cox, watched as she rubbed the little nib of her clit and watched Val stroke her cock.

"Good... and... hard—" Cox said in a breathy, husky voice, and Val, who had the genes for the cock but not for those tits, knew from a long time of being with those tits and others in these situations, knew that Cox had come as her eyes dimmed in that inward pulse —

"— not you," Cox said, just as Val was going to. But Val was a good girl — she was — and instantly stopped stroking her cock. It wasn't easy to stop dead still. But she was a good customer, a good girl and she did. There



(please, hope, please, hope) was something better, even better, coming next.

Cox was digging in and churning up her bag, looking for something amid modules, boards, clips, insulated canisters with a yellow eye that read *Biobazard: Biotech Specimens* until — "Ah!" — she came out with a cock maybe just a wee bit smaller than Val's.

"Show me where you want it," Cox said to the customer. Ah, what a choice, what a decision: to wrap tongue or spread cheeks? Not much of a choice, really — even though Val was drooling with a need to come, it was her asshole that really wanted this piece of cyberneticized cock. Wanted it in deep and hard and fast — damnit, now!

Her mouth was watering, and if it could, so would her asshole. The cork was out and the words, at the thought of that state-of-the-art cock in her aching asshole: "Come on, I want it! Come on, come on! Please, Mistress, Mommy, please I want it bad, I want it deep, I want it hard, I want to taste it all the way through me. Please, please, please! Mommy, God, I need it so bad, right fucking now —"

Cox was deep in the ritual of preparing to fuck. Off came her bunched and binding kimono, out came the tube of Adventure Lube™ and with it she bathed the cock, the fucking bit of tech, the silicone — all warm and soft and just fucking right for fucking. It was a perfect piece for this perfect piece: a nine-inch beauty of sculpted penis-ness.

Not a cock, not a penis, no, no, no, it was a woman's dick, an asshole's dick. It was fine and turned and formed just to be a fucking machine. One end was the gripper, the rings of the internals of it, the faint glimmer of surgical sensors and motor grippers, and the hilt that separated it from the sculptured cock. Between the gripping root and the lovely shaft and head, the ring was covered with even more sensors and motors and a flicker, and all that just-right stuff that would fit — and did! — so perfectly with plastic neatness around Cox's hot, fucking hot, clit.

The gripper went in, the sensors and flickers fitted right over her throbbing little penis, and Cox was ready to fuck —

— as was little Val, just what she'd asked for. Just what she'd ordered, just what she needed.

Snapping on a glove, Cox moved behind the panting Val. Kneeling, Cox gripped those nice hips, circled Val's little fuck-hole with a shiny finger, drawing and testing and touching until her asshole just reached up and grabbed her finger, sucking at it like a hungry mouth.

"Fucking ready —" Cox said, as Val said the same. Val moved back and arching, trying to swallow Cox's cock.

"Hungry bitch —" Cox said, almost pulling back with a nice bite of Top, of Bitch, of Cunt, of all-around meanness, but the cock felt too good inside her and the buzzers and stimulators and hummers and flickers against her clit and the neurofibulator inside her aching cunt was just too good for her and for her role. She fucked and kept on fucking, slapping her strong thighs against Val's so-soft thighs, slapping and slucking (no other word) the music of a good, hefty ass fuck, the fuck of an asshole so ready and eager and swallowingly hungry.

Val arched and screamed and bucked and pushed against the pushing and moaning Cox. Covertly, because she really needed to and because she wanted to come now more than anything in the whole damned planet, Val was yanking her own cock. She was twisting and pulling, starting to feel the come make its hard way up through her dick and through her asshole into her mouth —

And found an echo in Cox. Yeah, it was nothing anyone would believe, but, fuck, as they both would say after for sometime, it was what *had* to happen, what really *did* happen —

— and Val's legs gave out and she grunted to the floor on top of her aching cock (so good she didn't notice the pain from the other drugs of happiness in her system), the weight of Cox on top of her — also aching, also twitching the hi-tech dick out of her aching asshole and onto the bunched and torn *tami* mats.

Vibrating, humming, pause.

They got up, kissed and more kissed, smiled and more smiled, and got dressed, touching and kissing as they did, knowing that this wasn't the last time, that all they had to do was dial in, and klickity-clack on a terminal.

They were done, done, done, and done, too. When and if they compared notes (maybe) and realized (maybe) that they'd both paid, they'd both been submissive client to the dominant client. They'd been done, all right...

But then they were also fully cooked and smiling. If it was really good, who cared who paid?

M. Christian has published more than 100 stories and articles for such books and magazines as Best Gay Erotica, Best American Erotica, Friction, The Mammoth Book of Short Erotic Novels, Desires, Erotic New Orleans, Unlimited Desires: An International Anthology of Bisexual Erotica, Quickies 2 and many, many others. He has also edited the five anthologies Eros Ex Machina, Midsummer Night's Dreams, Guilty Pleasures, Rough Stuff (with Simon Sheppard) and The Burning Pen. A collection of his short fiction, Dirty Words, will be out later this year from Alyson Books.

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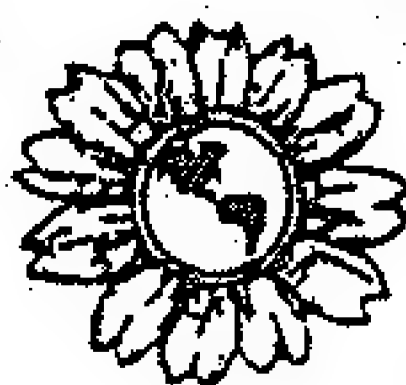
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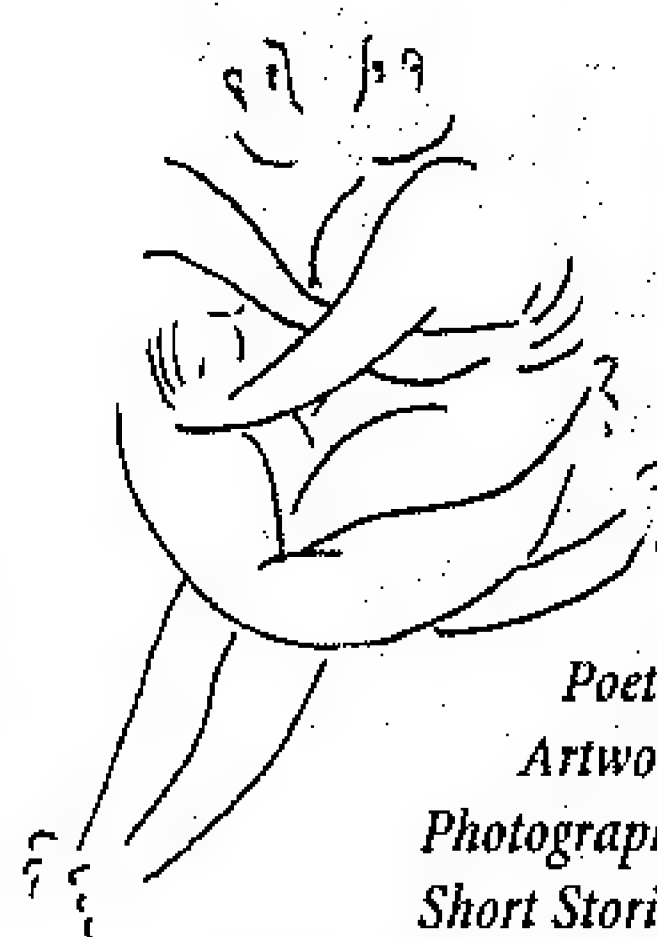
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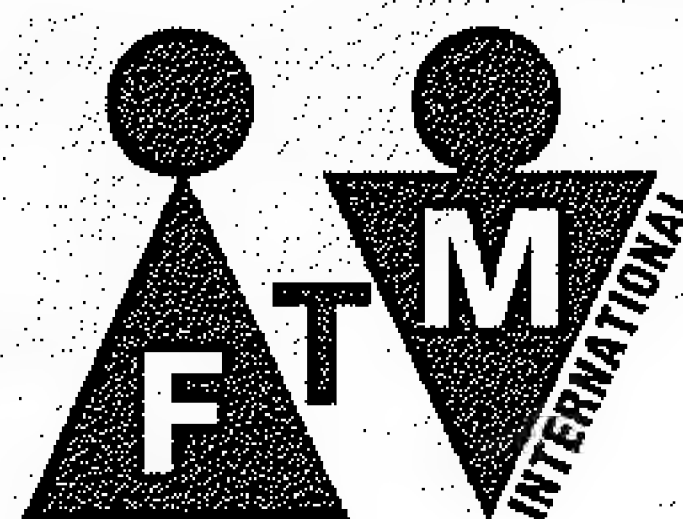
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... 'TIL THE FTM SINGS

by Raven Usi

art by Julia Keel

Our Heroes:

Ray, whose world has opened up to all sorts of possibilities since he started dating...

Erika, a bisexual babe who suspects that the poems she's hearing are actually about her as fantasized by...

Barbara, a janitor by night, poet by day, who's taking advantage of a blackout to say things only one person's guessed...

Vic, the FTM security guard who just had a hot-and-heavy avocado-laden fling with Ray, which was orchestrated by...

Valerie, editor of Queer Central, who isn't gloating about her matchmaking skills since she's run into...

Jane, Erika's (and Valerie's) neurotically vengeful ex-lover.

“With a guy and everything! How could Erika be so tacky? And why did she have to kiss him in front of the whole audience?” Jane moaned, hoping to get as much sympathy from Valerie as possible. “Damn it!”

“Wait a minute — did you say Erika?”

“Yeah, Erika. You know, the woman I dated for the last four years!”

God, Jane can be such a bitch sometimes. Does she really need to remind me about the woman she dumped me for? Valerie had more or less forgiven Jane, and in fact had eventually grown grateful to Erika when she began to realize how neurotic Jane really was.

“What did the guy look like?” she asked, adding quickly, “— just wondering what her type is.”

Jane smirked. “He was real stereotypical. Tallish, brown hair, brown eyes, nice in a kind of low-salary, GQ-ish kinda way.”

That sounded like Ray all right.

“So he wasn't just talking about some drag queen he picked up,” Val mused. “He really was going out with a woman.” She was beginning to understand why Ray had been so vague about his plans.

“He? He who?”

“Ray, my gossip columnist, that's who!” A bisexual

gossip columnist... *that's twice as much banging for your buck*, Val thought, already beginning to calculate the advantages of this new development.

Jane sat bolt upright, cut short in mid-whimper. “You know that guy?”

“Know him? I set him up on a... date... of sorts with my ex, Vic.”

“First Jane, now you, too? Is every dyke I know defecting to men?” Jane held her arm to her face in only slightly joking horror.

“Well, he wasn't exactly a guy back then.”

“Hmmm... I wonder if Erika knows about that?” Jane got an evil glint in her eye and started to rise.

“Now wait a minute,” Val caught Jane's sleeve and yanked her around to face her once more. “I'm only going to say this once — don't go screwing things up for Ray just because he has a date with your ex!”

Jane rolled her eyes, then composed herself. “Sure, Val. Anything you say. Gotta run!” Extricating her shirt from Val's grasp, she hurried out the door.

Watching her depart, Valerie realized that she'd said too much. Jane was the

See “Dear Jane” (p.44)



Dear Jane (from p.43)

kind of person who'd do whatever she pleased with that information. Well, Ray was tough enough to handle anything Jane could throw at him... and if he was dating Jane's ex, then the two of them would be more than enough.

A bisexual gossip columnist — that definitely had possibilities. Val turned her attention back to her drink and next week's issues. Ray could keep his woman... but she was definitely going to razz him on Monday. After all, he was supposed to be finding gossip to report about, not turning into the subject of it himself.



"Let my virgin heart watch the moonbeams cast shadows on your skin through venetian blinds."

Vic had managed to unplug the amp before any flames erupted, then told Barbara to start reading, pretending the sudden darkness was an intentional effect. A solitary emergency light cast a soft glow over the front of the stage.

Intentional or not, Erika had to agree that the effect worked. It was hard to believe this evening-gowned, soft-voiced siren was the same shy, overalls-clad janitor who took Erika's trash out. She'd become pretty turned on by Barbara's words, and suspected that she herself had had something to do with that last poem... or maybe that was just wishful thinking.

Meanwhile, Ray had limped off to find a mop and help Vic deal with the circuit breakers — and maybe get a few more bits of gossip for his column.

Ray was glad to have a little time alone with Vic. Not only was he glad to see him, but he also had a few questions he wanted answered. Starting with... "So Vic, did you know I was dating Erika when —?"

"Well, I'd seen you with her the night Barbara got hurt, but I didn't really wonder what was going on," Vic responded. "Are you upset about it?"

"Not really," Ray answered, a little too quickly.

The awkward silence hung between them for a second.

"I didn't exactly plan our little get-together, you know," said Ray.

"That's true. It was really more Val's idea to begin with — not that I didn't like it." Vic smiled up at Ray, and after another awkward moment they leaned into a kiss.

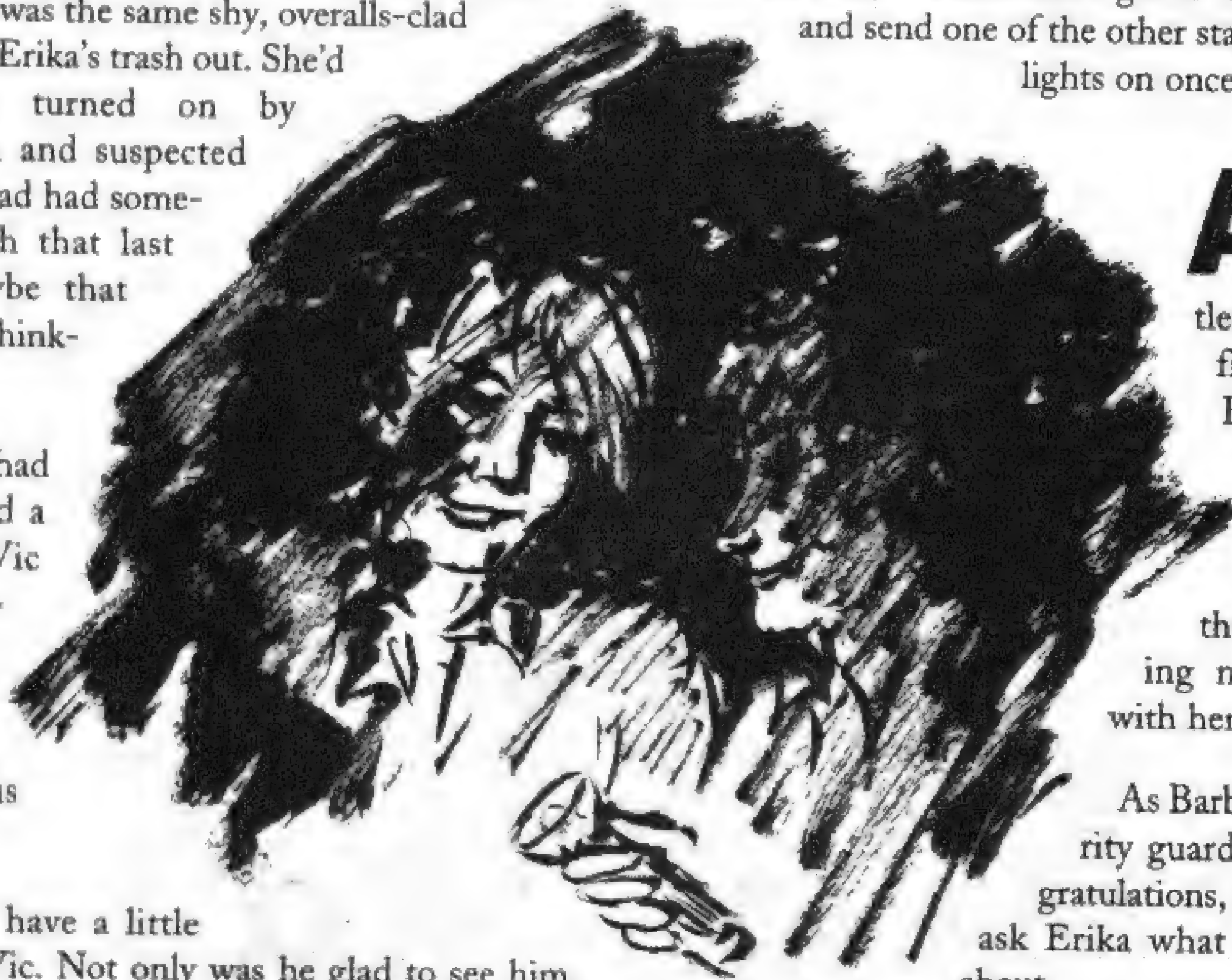
"That's good," Ray said with a grin. "I'd hate to think I was the only one who had fun."

Vic slid his arm around Ray's waist, and after a few more kisses in the dark, the two walked on in a more comfortable silence until they found the circuit breakers.

"That's another question," Vic mused as he pored over the circuit breakers. "Why did Val set me up with you if she knew about Erika?"

"That one I can answer," Ray said, taking advantage of the fact that he held the flashlight to lean in closely behind Vic. "Val didn't know about Erika — at least, not until today. We've only been going out for a couple of weeks, and I wasn't sure how she'd take it."

Vic grinned. "I know what you mean — I felt the same way after I became a boy." Scanning over the last row of breakers, he said, "I think that's got it. Go give Barbara the heads up and send one of the other stagehands back here to flip the lights on once she's finished."



As he trotted back toward the stage, Ray gave the wave to Barbara and settled down backstage to hear her final piece. Taking the cue, Barbara finished up her set to a blaze of applause and stage lights.

As the lights went up in the house, Ray saw Vic standing near Erika, talking quietly with her.

As Barbara came off stage, the security guard intercepted her with congratulations, leaving Ray just a second to ask Erika what the two had been talking about.

"Oh, just doing a little catching up," Erika said, her eyes dancing between Ray and Barbara. "I'll fill you in later."

A few seconds later, Vic reappeared with Barbara in tow and said, "Hey guys — wanna celebrate with the after-show party later on?"



Just as Ray opened his mouth to speak, Ian McMacMannus and Fag Haggis returned for their second set. Within a few minutes, Erika was getting into the music and dancing around a little bit. Ray thought about joining her on the dance floor, but a twinge in his back made him reconsider. However, unless he'd misjudged some of the looks he'd seen exchanged this evening...

He looked back at Erika and smiled. "These guys rock!"

She grinned back, bouncing from foot to foot in time to the beat. "Definitely. I know your back is too sore to dance, but would you mind staying a bit longer to hear the set?"

He shook his head. "Not at all. Matter of fact, I've got a better idea — why don't you ask Barbara to dance?"

That time, Erika smiled really big at Ray, then leaned over to kiss him forcefully. "Thanks!" She didn't even wait to ask Barbara to dance — just grabbed her hand and led her out to where the audience was dancing.

When the fast tunes were done, Ian McMacMannus got up and said, "We'd like to end the evening a little differently tonight, by slowing things down a bit and asking our MC Vic to come up and sing a tune we've been working on together. It's a beautiful love ballad that Victor wrote, and we hope you like it."

Vic gave a shy smile to all three of them as he passed by their stunned faces on his way up to the mic. As the band started to play, Vic's voice broke out in a clear tenor. When he was done, there were loud cheers and guffaws from



the audience. It was a great boost to his ego — he'd been afraid he'd lose his singing ability once his voice started to change.

Finally, after Vic had closed the show with the usual thank-yous, good nights, and pleas for donating money, Ray, Erika and Barbara met him on-stage to help Fag Haggis shut down. As it turned out, the after-show party was being help back at the band's warehouse studio, the live/work space the band used to practice in. "There's lots o' space to lounge around in and drink a few brews."

Vic turned to the group. "Well, what do you say?"

"Well, now that the show's over I'm officially off the clock," Ray said. "If Erika's up for it — and I don't have to take part in any more stage shows — I'm in."

Erika beamed and said, "That makes two of us!"

Vic looked at Barbara. "And what about you?" He offered her his arm. "The night's still young..."

"Well..." Barbara was a little reticent — after all, Erika was with Ray, and she didn't know Vic all that well, but — She looked over at Erika, who smiled widely, melting Barbara's uncertainty into assent.

"Umm, yeah, sure..." she looked away shyly, blushing a little self-consciously.

What is Vic cooking up? Ray wondered.



What indeed? Stay tuned for next issue's episode and find out!

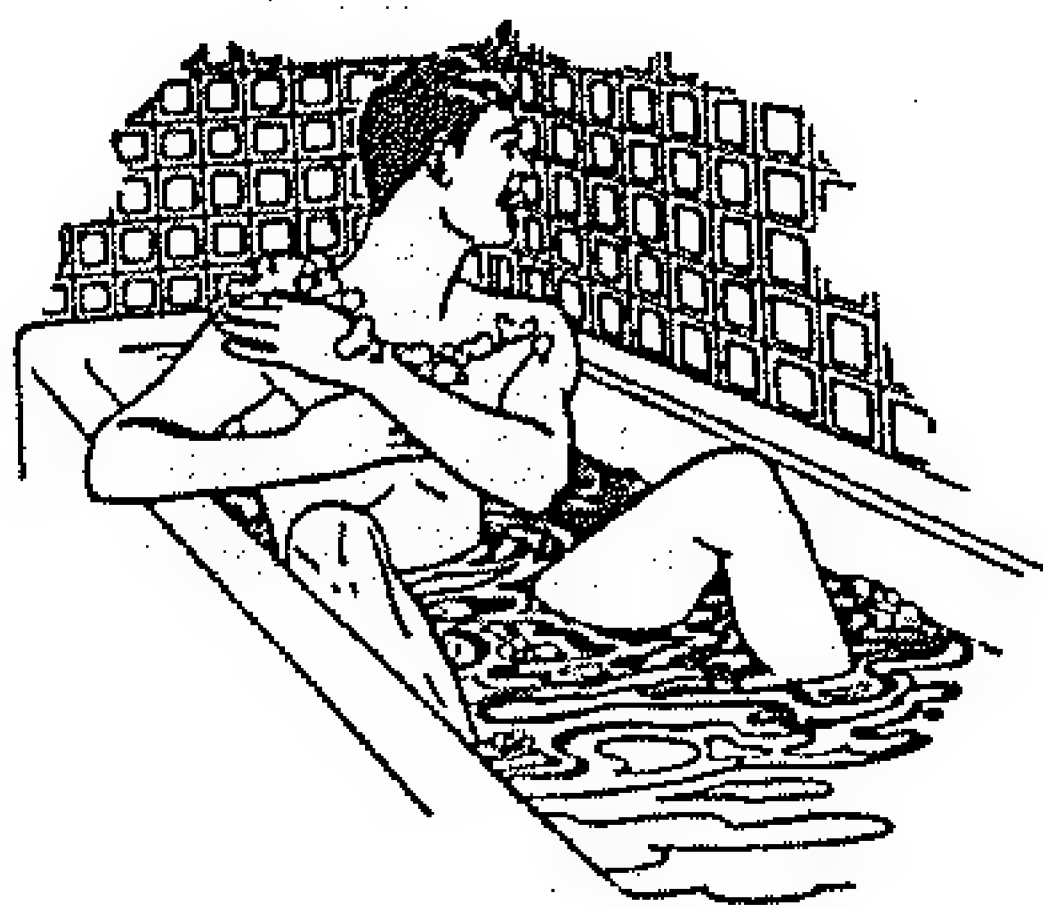
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What Your Mother Never Told You



Advice from Uncle Bill & Auntie Andrea

Dear Uncle Bill —

I'm at the end of my rope. My husband of three years and I have always had a somewhat sparse sex life, but it has been over a year since we have had sexual intimacy of any kind.

We are both bisexual. Recently, at first by accident, I discovered and confirmed that he has been downloading reams of gay porn images literally as soon as my back is turned — when I'm asleep, when I'm on the phone, and when I'm out. Early in our dating relationship, I told him that I didn't mind his viewing these images at all. In fact, I found it rather sexy of him and wanted to look at them, too. However, he swore up and down it wasn't the sexiness of it, just a form of entertainment, aesthetic appreciation... blah, blah, blah. And then he vowed he wouldn't do it anymore since it obviously upset me, which it didn't at all, but he insisted that I had the wrong idea, that I shouldn't get upset, and so on. He dutifully dumped out the "offending" images, and that was the last I'd heard or seen of his collection.

In the meantime, our sex life dwindled to nothing. I asked him time and again if he wasn't happy with me, with the marriage. He'd insist he was happy, that it was himself he couldn't stand — that he was get-

ting older and heavier (he's 34, I'm 24), and that he is turned off by himself to the point where he can't fathom sex of any kind. So I accepted that and have tried to show him affection in non-sexual ways he could handle. Still, from time to time, I enjoy looking at and reading erotica myself, and I do so openly. Every time he's seen me doing this, he's responded with disdain for the "smut" I was viewing, and accused me of being "horny all the time," as if that were the height of bad taste. Now I discover that he's been hoarding "smut" all along. Throughout the relationship I've out-and-out asked him if he's gay, would he rather be with a man, does he want out. Always it's no, no, no.

I don't know what to think anymore. I admit I'm not fulfilled by the relationship. Moreover, I'm getting tired of feeling guilty for having sexual feelings at all. In other respects, he and I get along famously, but it feels like I'm living with my brother. What's going on here? I feel crazy. He calls me adversarial and pushy whenever I want to talk to him about the intimacy side of our relationship. Am I? After all, I did snoop on him. But, but...?

Worriedly,
Bettina

Bettina —

As long as your husband is unwilling to deal with his repressed sexuality and his poor self-image, he is not going to be happy, and you are not going to be happy with him. Calling you "adversarial and pushy" is his way of projecting his unhappiness onto you and conve-

niently avoids dealing with his sexual shame and self-doubt. Likewise, his assertion that you are "upset" by his downloading gay porn is his way of avoiding dealing with what he perceives as his "weakness." In the meantime, he has been obsessively downloading sexual images of men. He is being dishonest with both of you.

You say that in other ways, your relationship is fine, but how can it be so? You say you're not fulfilled. Part of the problem here is that you are both compartmentalizing sexuality rather than experiencing it as an integrated part of a vital and complete marriage. While sexual relations are not mandatory for happiness in every marriage, in your case it is a sore spot. Your husband is aware of your frustration, even if he doesn't acknowledge it. I find it hard to believe that this uneasy, unresolved disconnection does not seep into other aspects of your relationship.

Your husband has feelings of sexual inadequacy. His puritanism and homophobia certainly don't help matters. Maybe his collection is a desperate attempt to

Uncle Bill (a.k.a. Bill Brent) edits and publishes two sex-oriented publications. *Black Sheets* is a bi-oriented zine for kinky, queer, intelligent, and irreverent folk. *The Black Book* is an illustrated resource guide for the erotic explorer. Both are available at the ATM order line, (800) 818-8823.

recapture a piece of what he experiences as his fleeting sexuality. It's a convenient Catch-22: by allowing himself to go to seed (and it is a choice!), he doesn't have to put himself on the line sexually. If there's no hope of sexual fulfillment, then he can go further to seed, all the while making himself unattractive to you or any potential male partners. He can then justify being alone with his porn images.

This dreadful situation is not going to improve on its own, and your hubby's pretending it doesn't exist is not going to make it go away. Do you know how many men in his situation would kill for a wife as understanding and supportive of his sexuality as you have been? I think he's setting you up for a fall — he can blame the failed marriage on how "upset" you are with his sexuality, and how "demanding" you are of him sexually.

Both of you need to talk about this with a third party, and soon. If your husband can come to terms with his homosexuality, there might be hope for this marriage. If he really loves you, then he is concerned for your happiness. In my opinion, your happiness requires that you talk about these issues jointly with a counselor present. It will probably take a while for him to open up, so be patient, but insist that you both go. Unless he is willing to deal with this in an open, honest way, I fear that your sexual relationship, and ultimately your marriage, are doomed.

— Uncle Bill

Dear Auntie Andrea —

Much as I'd like to come out as bi, I find the movement's emphasis on "sex-positivism" so intimidating that it always scares me off. My own traumatic experiences have left me with decidedly mixed feelings about sex, and I don't want to have to pretend otherwise just so I can belong. (Hey, isn't being yourself the whole point of coming out?) Any suggestions about how I might finesse this situation? Or do you subscribe to the same "sex-positive" philosophy yourselves, and recommend I do the same? It's fine with me if others go the rab-rab-sex route; I'm all

for diversity, as long as I get included, too. Or am I just misreading the whole thing?

Sincerely,
Sex-Neutral

Dear Sex-Neutral —

Wow, you just said a mouthful! In order to even begin to answer this question, I need some sort of general operating definition for "sex-positive," and I'm not sure that a common one exists. It's an amorphous term, with its exact meaning varying depending upon the context in which it is used, as is its opposite, "sex-negative."

At its most general, though, "sex-positive" is usually assigned to a school of thought that believes people have the right to love whom they please, and that the kind of sex consenting adults enjoy should not be a justification for any kind of socio-political discrimination against those persons. Many folks don't like the idea of defining social identity based upon sexual behavior at all, and some use "sex-positive" or a similar term instead of BGLT-style labels. Nowhere, however, should a "sex-positive" attitude make it mandatory for anyone to do anything they don't want to do. Just as being bisexual doesn't mean that you have to be dating both a man and a woman at the same time — or that you even want to — a "sex-positive" outlook does not mandate that you engage in every activity conceivable.

The oft-missed flip side to sexual rights is that with every right to say "yes" comes also the right to say "no." Even so-called "sex-positive" evangelicals forget to mention this sometimes, myself included. It's inevitable that when one person says, "I finally broke through my fear and repression and did <activity>," a listener will wonder, "But I wouldn't want to do that — is s/he suggesting that I'm repressed?" Depending on how things are worded, there could be a very unpleasant misunderstanding!

We at *Anything That Moves*, no doubt, play a part in this. Our mandate, as printed on the inside front cover of every issue, is to print whatever moves us, and to provide a forum for the diverse voices of the

bisexual community. However, we are not the ultimate repository of the definition of the word "bisexual," or for that matter, the term "sex-positive." We're a small, somewhat radical group of self-professed bisexuals who happen to have access to a printing press, and much as we try to present as many voices from our community as possible, we certainly don't speak for all of them. I'd hazard a guess that there are actually millions of people who live out bisexual lives every day and never feel the need to be public or political about it; people who do not want to be in more than one relationship at a time, etc., and are perfectly happy with that. I'd bet this is an extremely large, and under-served, chunk of the "bisexual community," if you could ever get an accurate census thereof.

To sum it up, I don't think you're misreading anything, so much as seeing a subtextual slight that may actually be there but isn't really intended, compounded by the realities of the alternative press in the late 1990s/early 2000s. As for coming out as bisexual, if you feel yourself to be so and wish to let those around you know it, that's a whole separate issue. "Being bisexual," (whatever that means) is defined by each of us, and your definition is as good as everyone else's.

The best "finesse job" I can come up with is to paraphrase what you said: "It's fine with me what others do." Then come out as yourself.

— Auntie Andrea



Auntie Andrea still lives and loves a bisexual life in San Francisco.

Three in Love: Ménages à Trois from Ancient to Modern Times

by Barbara Foster, Michael Foster and Letha Hadady

Harper Collins, 1997

\$25 hardcover

Reviewed by Amy Conger

This is a collection of short biographies reinterpreted without the typical monogamistic, heterosexist bias of American and European biography. As a collection it becomes a history of responsibly polyamorous, important people. It's also an entertaining read.

The authors begin by making the important distinction between the healthy living arrangement known as a ménage à trois and the destructive, deceptive "love triangle". Ostensibly, the emphasis of the material is on the grand tradition of the ménage à trois.

The book is organized chronologically. It begins with Biblical times, during which attitudes and purposes of marriage and lineage were different than ours are today; subsequently, triads served different purposes as well. In Medieval and Renaissance Europe, most of the biographies follow the *cavaliere serviente* model, a common arrangement in which a married and landed woman, after having fulfilled her duty to provide an heir, would take a young male lover into the household with the knowledge, consent and sometimes blessing of her husband.

This section moves slowly, but the book moves on into fascinating territory, including the love and sex lives of the Bloomsbury literary crowd, which spawned many different, ever-changing configurations of love and sex and many a painting, novel and play. Most of the book is a glimpse into the private worlds of prominent politicians, activists, artists, writers, thinkers, etc. from the 19th and 20th centuries. One can witness through this book the evolution of the concept of "free love" from being defined as the right to a non-arranged marriage based in love in Victorian times, to the avocation of total sexual and emotional freedom in contemporary times.

The writing is friendly, anecdotal and a bit gossipy. The authors themselves are in a group relationship, although they don't define it in the book. Knowing a bit more about the

authors would have been useful for understanding their meaning at times. Too often they make presumptuous, inaccurate declarations, such as "The ménage à trois... remains the last taboo."

These proclamations sometimes pushed my buttons, as it felt like the authors simply filled in segues and introductions with "everybody knows" kinds of myths. Usually it was some insulting psychological generalization that angered me, such as the "inherent" vampiric narcissism of artists. They also completely ignored some salient details, such as Eleanor Roosevelt's bisexuality. Hopefully, these things will be changed in the next edition.

The book's largest fault is that the authors included many a situation that didn't qualify as a ménage à trois, but instead of widening their focus, they imposed a rule of threes on many of these relationships anyway. Most often, these were situations in which partners in a relationship simply had other lovers, rather than a triadic relationship or living arrangement. Sometimes the role of a fourth was diminished and defined as being ancillary to a threesome, although that fourth person was obviously important. This obsession with threes seems almost as arbitrary as our culture's obsession with twos.

I also questioned the relevance of some of the subjects, such as Percy Shelley and the Marquis de Sade, whose threesomes were described as "largely imaginary". John F. Kennedy, Jr. was cheating and had a taste for three-way sex; he wasn't in any sort of ongoing triadic relationship. Of course, this is not to imply that everyone in the book

was honest and responsible in stable threes, or that they should they have been.

At times, the authors examine ménages à trois between fictional people; this is somewhat interesting, but only especially so when the characters were drawn from real life, such as those in Noël Coward's plays. But then at times it feels like reaching; they have read a bit too much into *Casablanca*, for example.

Regardless of shortcomings, the authors have done well at representing the wide variation in human relationships. Though a more accurate title for this book might have been *Multiple Partners of the Rich, White and Famous*, portions of it are irreplaceable and so enlightening that I must recommend it, at the least, as an alternative biographical reference.



The Bride Wore Black Leather (...And He Looked Fabulous!) An Etiquette Guide for the Rest of Us

By Drew Campbell
Greenery Press, 2000
available April 2000

Reviewed by Anne Killpack

If you've ever had a sticky manners question not covered by the standards — like "How do I address an invitation to a poly group?", "How do I find out if he's doing drag, or transitioning?" or "How do I act around my former Master when I'm with my new one?" — you should read this book. If you're the kind of person who regards etiquette as an outdated, inapplicable set of behavior rules that should be replaced with honesty, openness, and self-affirmation, you need this book. If you're the sort who collects etiquette manuals, longs for the days when complete strangers weren't presumptuous enough to use your first name, and regards Judith Martin and Quentin Crisp as personal heroes, you'll really enjoy this book.

Author Drew Campbell wrote *The Bride Wore Black Leather* for what he terms the "altsex" community — bi/gay/les/trans, fetish, leather, poly, BDSM, cross-dressing, et cetera, with forays into commonly overlapping groups such as Paganism and the sex industry. To prepare for the book, Campbell asked his readers to submit questions on his Web site; from the overwhelming responses, he culled examples to illustrate the basic principles of good manners and how they still apply even in our "alternative" lives.

Campbell is well-grounded in the ways of all the subcultures he addresses; he is also (writing as Christina Abernathy) the author of the well-regarded Miss Abernathy set of slave training manuals, and (as A. H. Dion) author of *The Strap-On Book*. In *The Bride*, he gives equal time and weight to "standard" etiquette topics, such as how to address invitations, and down-and-dirty queries that would make Emily Post blush, like "How do I handle shit during (and after) anal sex?"

In the chapter "Context is Everything", Campbell discusses how etiquette varies with setting, from dungeon party to boardroom, and how the rules apply and vary. How do you properly introduce your multiple partners, and their partners? Do you hug when introduced? What do you do when your straight co-workers ask you what you did over the weekend?

In "Define Yourself, Not Others", Campbell tackles the use and application of labels and terms of address, with the over-

whelming caveat that people should be addressed in the terms they prefer, and you should respect their preferences (and make your own preferences clearly available for their use). How do you handle "fag-dyke sex" and its frequent community backlash? What's with all the lesbian potlucks? What's the difference between intersexed and transsexual? Between pansexual and omnisexual? What's the correct term — partner, boy/girlfriend, lover, SO, spouse?

In "Do Not Confuse the Public With the Private", the author wittily and usefully deals with the agonizing problems of Too Much Information Syndrome and respect for privacy (yours and that of others), from outing and unwanted gossip to dealing with exes. In response to a question about how to treat a partner of your partner whom you happen to dislike, Campbell suggests treating them cordially and adding an air of great personal satisfaction and happiness — "Nothing

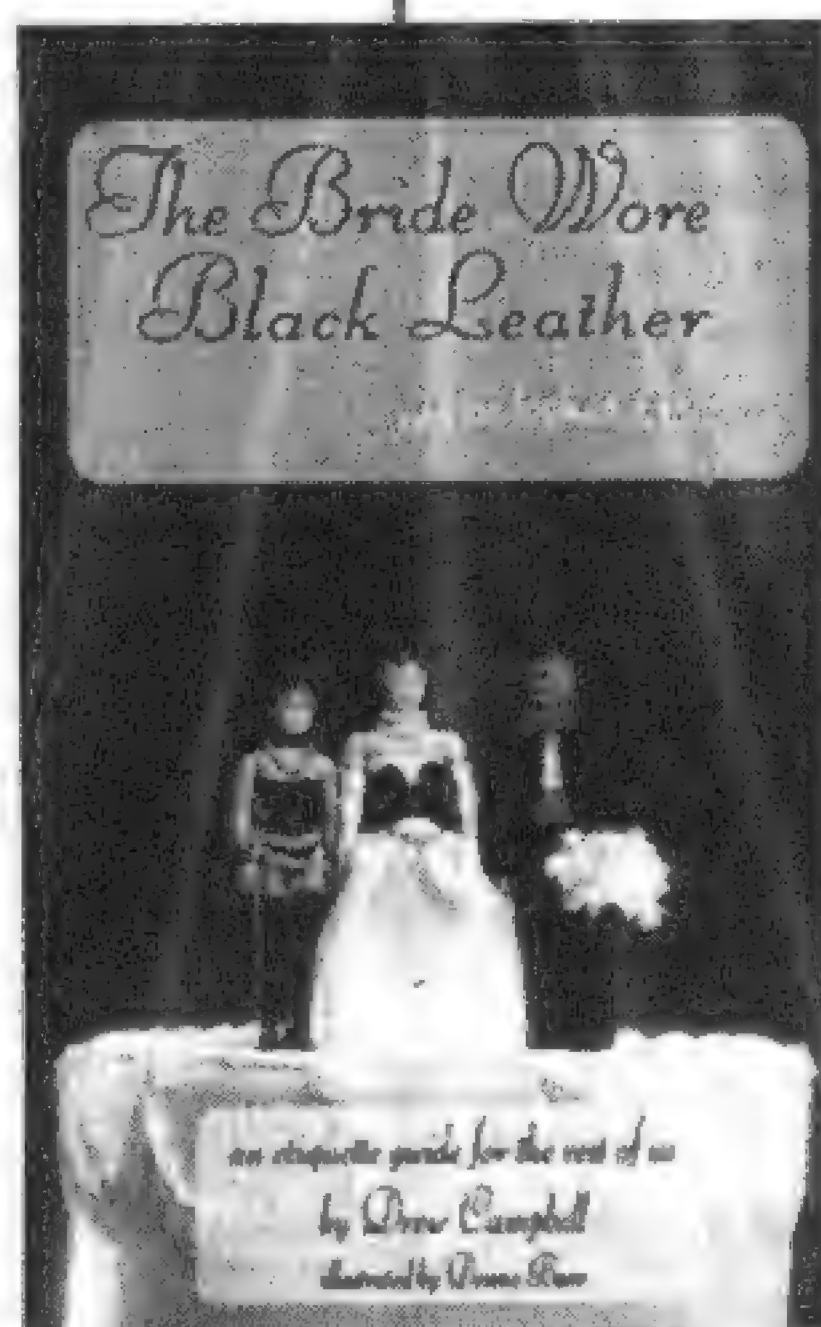
drives people mad faster than the belief that someone else is really, truly happy." There's also a lovely, useful table of euphemistic titles for sex industry workers to use in the straight world — "on-site consultant", "personal trainer", "special events coordinator", et cetera. And there's a long section on dealing with persons whose therapy is infringing upon your personal comfort, plus a translation table from "therapy-speak" back into English for those readers who are sick of persons who "have issues around their stuff".

The Bride also handles those people you've always wanted to slap with an etiquette book. Overbearing would-be tops who think their macho/a manners will instantly transform you into their slave? Queers who openly boycott their friends' weddings, too insulted by

"het privilege" to wish them happiness? Rude clients of sex workers? All put in their place. Campbell issues reminders of What No Polite Person Discusses in Public, and proffers recommendations for dealing with bigots, jerks, and other offending persons without stooping to their level.

Campbell covers pregnancies and new babies, weddings and commitment ceremonies, and deaths and funerals with equal usefulness to host, guest, and persons-of-honor. While by no means a complete guide to the alternative wedding (which other books have attempted to take on), it's a good general overview, which I intend to keep handy for impending non-traditional weddings in my family.

While the chapter titles do not make it immediately obvious where to find advice on a specific topic, the index is fairly complete. Most important, not only is the book cheering and useful to us altsexers, but much of its advice will be useful to our family, co-workers, and friends as well. And it's *fun* to read; I kept reading bits aloud to my household, and whenever I set it down, invariably someone else picked it up.



REVIEWS

TO BE A MAN: *BOYS DON'T CRY* THE STORY OF BRANDON TEENA

Directed by Kimberly Peirce

Reviewed by David Steinberg

At face value, Kimberly Peirce's brilliant film, *Boys Don't Cry*, is the true story of Brandon Teena, born Teena Brandon, who created a male identity for himself and was accepted and appreciated as male by the people around him in a small Nebraska town, only to be horribly raped and murdered when his biological sex was eventually discovered. The year was 1993. Brandon was 21.

It's the kind of stranger-than-fiction story that could motivate any number of really bad movies, movies that could deliver emotional impact in any number of simple, obvious, and ultimately cheapening ways. How easy it would be to exploit the titillating, attraction/repulsion dynamic we so easily feel for anyone we see as "other," anyone we define as radically different from ourselves. (See strange Brandon. See Brandon run. Run, Brandon, run.) Or to manipulate the upset and anger most people feel for any-

In Boys Don't Cry, nothing is simple, certainly nothing in a world of limited scope and vision that has no room for individuality, that scrapes the souls of its people down to narrowly defined, bruised shadows of what they might otherwise be.

one who challenges our either/or, male/female notion of gender. (Look at Teena trying to be a boy. Why doesn't she get it that she's really a girl? What do you expect if you act like that?) Or, from a different angle, to turn Brandon's story into a complacent fable of good and evil easily identified and distinguished, of cowboys in white and black hats, of the purity of innocence vilely deflowered by a big, ugly place full of bad people just waiting out there to hurt the rest of us.

Happily, *Boys Don't Cry* rejects any such one-dimensional premises and easy answers, refuses to demean the power and impact of what happened to Brandon Teena by turning his story into either a freak show or a sob story. Instead, it offers us the opportunity to identify with Brandon rather than distance ourselves from him, to see complexity in both Brandon and his tormentors rather than just simplify and judge them, to see the

connections between us and them rather than dismiss them as if they had no relation to us. It also invites us to think of Brandon's tragedy as something more significant than a random, deranged act of good boys gone bad — something that goes beyond even the issues of gender transformation and the potential for violence that lurks barely beneath the surface of small town, working class, America.

In *Boys Don't Cry*, nothing is simple, certainly nothing in a world of limited scope and vision that has no room for individuality, that scrapes the souls of its people down to narrowly defined, bruised shadows of what they might otherwise be. The film's multiple and conflicting emotional planes are sustained by the brilliant performances of Hilary Swank as Brandon, Chloë Sevigny as Lana (the girl Brandon falls madly in love with), Peter Sarsgaard as John (Lana's other, occasionally psychotic, on-and-off boyfriend, eventually one of Brandon's rapists and murderers), and Jeanetta Arnette as Lana's loving but totally overwhelmed mother.

Scene after scene takes place on several emotional levels at once, with love, hate, confusion, courage, yearning, hopelessness, strength, and desperation all thrown into the mix. We see a rich collage of conflicting emotion sweep over Brandon's face as he struggles to tell police the story of his rape in all the excruciating detail they demand. Lana shows us a similarly complex mix of feelings when she and Brandon are making love and she tries to reconcile the body she discovers with who she understands Brandon to be. In the space of a few seconds, we watch her go through surprise, aversion, and confusion before arriving at a fundamental acceptance, affirming the core of who she knows Brandon to be over the less significant details of his anatomy.

Even the villains in this story are complex, with John paradoxically attached by his affection for Brandon, even after he comes to despise and rape him. "Are you okay?" he strangely asks Brandon after the rape, his rage slaked for the moment, as he, Brandon, and Tom sit together, trying to make sense out of what has just happened. ("Yeah, I'm okay," Brandon lies, reassembling his tattered male pride with eerie dissociation, as if his assault has nothing to do with the man sitting next to him, as if the two of them were still buddies.)

If *Boys Don't Cry* did nothing more than tell the story of Brandon Teena respectfully, did nothing more than further awareness and understanding of transgender people, it would be a major accomplishment. But *Boys Don't Cry* is more than just the story of Brandon Teena, more than just a story about what it means to violate society's rigid rules about gender identification. For director and writer Peirce, the real tragedy of Brandon Teena's humiliation and death is not that two crazed, small-town losers went off their nut about a gender-creative person they were unable to understand. Rather, as its title suggests,

Boys Don't Cry lays the horror of Brandon's story at the feet of an emotion-denying, humanity-denying, truth-denying definition of masculinity that saps the life out of all of us — women as well as men — every day of our lives.

Brandon wants to be a real man more than anything. He gets into a fight at a bar defending a girl he has just met from the insulting come-ons of a guy twice his size. He risks his life and the lives of the others in his car dragging down a two-lane country road, on-coming traffic be damned. He plays the local game of trying to stand upright on the bed of a veering pickup truck (an automated version of rodeo steer riding?) because "that's what guys around here do." He drinks beer with the best of them. He is 21, going on 14, trying on the postures and gestures of being a man for the first time to see what fits, exulting every time he plays a role successfully.

Call it macho — that exaggerated, heavily codified notion of masculinity that boys measure themselves against as they become men. It's the overwhelming need to be acknowledged as a real man, to be received as one of the boys, as a member of the lodge. It pushes men to do things that they would otherwise avoid like the plague, things like working dangerous jobs at low pay, or going off to die in wars of dubious purpose. Anything not to be considered soft, a sissy, a pussy, a woman. As a gender code, it's a direct route to the respect of other men and to the amorous attention of women, but it costs lumberjacks their limbs, football players their health, and thousands of soldiers their lives.

Whatever it is, Brandon's got it bad. He wears the bruises and scars of each of his rites of passage with pride because each represents a moment of self-definition, a victory on the path to his self-realization as a man. He endangers himself intentionally, even joyously, again and again, because his notion of what it means to be a real man gives him no other choice. Eventually, he dies because his killers' notion of what it means to be real men gives them no choice either, no choice but to destroy him.

The one way that Brandon steps out of the designated male role is in how he relates to women. Unlike the other guys in Falls City, Brandon truly likes women. He wants to celebrate Lana, not subjugate her. He woos her with adoration rather than abuse, with tenderness and personal courage rather than power posturing. His affection and undiluted humanity are novel and compelling in the world of Falls City, Nebraska. As a result, Lana and Candace come alive in Brandon's presence in a way that is otherwise impossible for them. They have an affection for him that their other boyfriends will never see. John, as perceptive as he is violent, catches it right away — the special twinkle in Lana's eyes and voice when she speaks of Brandon. He's the first to realize they are being sexual. And, although he sublimates his jealousy into a kind of buddy sharing with Brandon, that is the moment when his relationship with Brandon begins to sour and, ultimately, disintegrate.

The Brandon Teena portrayed by director Peirce and a luminous Hilary Swank is as seductively attractive to us as he was to the

girls in his real life. Sure, Brandon's a liar and a thief, but just about everyone in this movie lies — not because they are people of poor moral character, but because, in this world, the consequence of telling the truth to unsympathetic ears is just untenable. Unlike the more conventional liars and thieves around him, however, there is an underlying truthfulness to Brandon that calls us to like him, draws us to him, makes us sympathetic to his dilemma even though we can see that he is headed for deep trouble.


Brandon's infectious charm, beautifully expressed in Hilary Swank's adolescent gestures and winning smiles, derives from his unprotectedness, from his emotional transparency, from his adventurous, blindly optimistic determination to live life to the hilt. Presenting himself as a genetic man, he is something of an illusion, to be sure. But there is something unmistakably genuine about Brandon, illusion notwithstanding, and that fundamental honesty eclipses the lesser significance of literally telling the truth. There is, after all, more to being truthful than simply not telling lies.


There is, after all, more to being truthful than simply not telling lies.

Brandon embodies this deeper truthfulness in many ways. Most essentially, there is the basic way in which Brandon is being true to himself by daring to present himself to the world as male, the way he remains true to who he knows himself to be despite the inevitable consequences of such a basic social transgression. Brandon is willing to endure the danger of discovery, potential violence, and ultimately even death, in order to establish for himself a basic sense of personal integrity and authenticity. Beyond this, there is the emotional honesty with which Brandon relates to the people around him, even as he deceives them about his sex and about his elaborately fabricated personal history. We see it in the straightforward way he expresses his love for Lana, in the unhesitant way he defends Lana's friend Candace from insult, in the way he even challenges John when he feels John has blamed him unfairly.

The truth to which Brandon is faithful is larger than whether or not he makes up stories to impress the girls, whether he lies to stay out of jail, or whether he has a vagina instead of a penis. It is the truth of emotional reality emotionally expressed, the truth of being caring and appreciative of the people around him, the truth of being spontaneously and vigorously alive. It is Brandon's romantically heroic belief that the truth will make him free that is both his gift and his curse, both his undoing and the reason we walk away from this film feeling so affectionate toward him. Brandon's unflagging belief in truth, his unquenchable desire to forge a life in which emotional validity triumphs over fear and misunderstanding, speaks to something we all carry inside us. In the end, Brandon's yearnings, and the personal core to which he ultimately returns for meaning in a confusing and confused world, are very much like our own.

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REVIEWS

Pornucopia

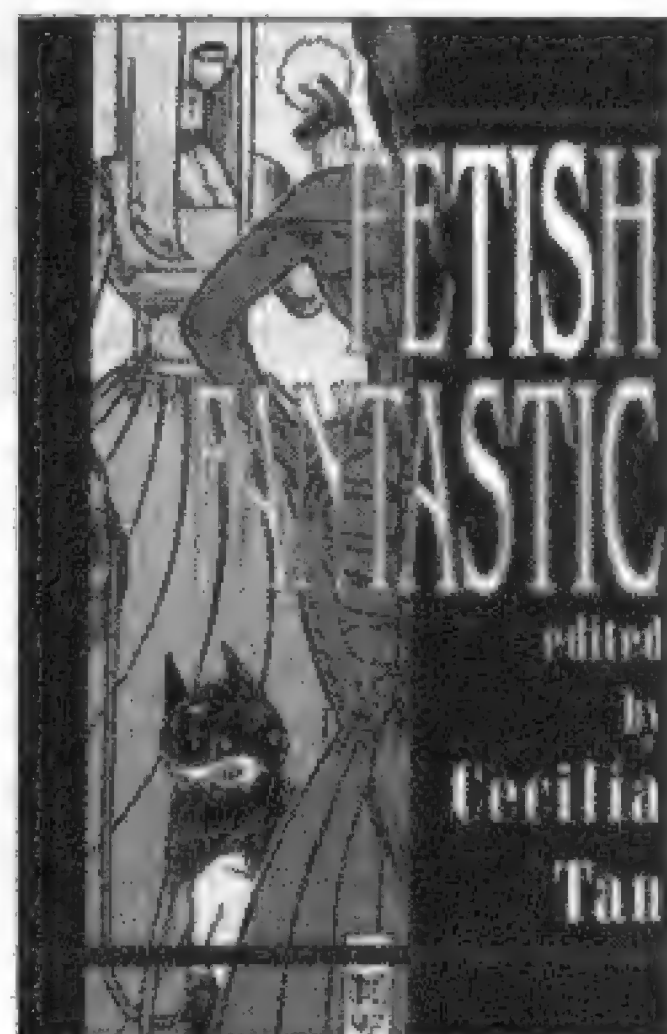
Reviews by Charles Anders and Linda Howard

Every month, more and more queer erotica collections appear on the shelves and in our review boxes. We obviously can't review them all, but here are synopses for some of the ones that caught our fancy.

FETISH FANTASTIC: TALES OF POWER AND LUST FROM FUTURISTIC TO SURREAL

Edited by Cecilia Tan
Circlet Press: \$14.95

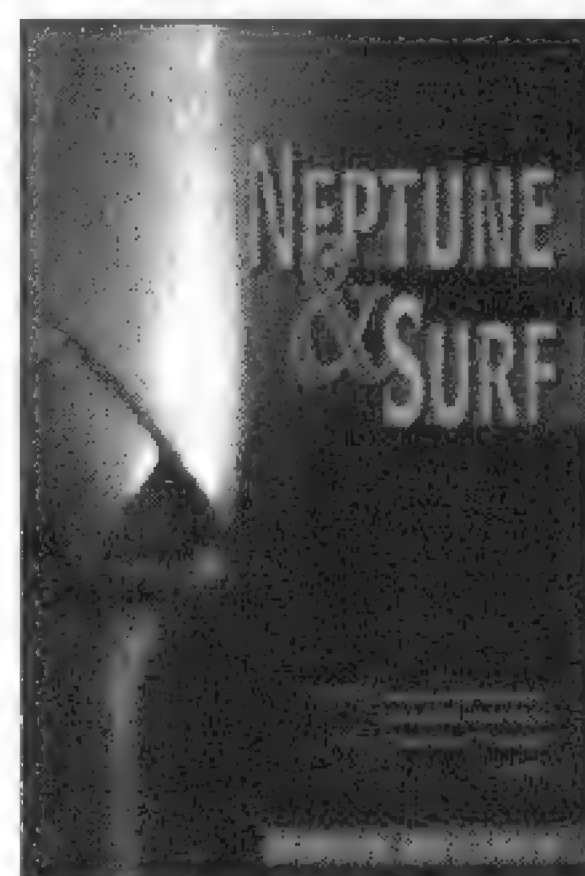
Cecilia Tan never fails to deliver an anthology of hot erotica, and *Fetish Fantastic* is no exception. With an admitted bias toward BDSM, *Fetish Fantastic* explores an entire regime of alternate realities and virtual worlds. Of particular interest is Gary Bowen's "Cyber Knight," one of the best virtual reality sex stories I've read in a field overly clogged with mediocre fiction. Also of note is "Jane," Lauren J. Burka's tale of an oppressive society whose attempts to forcibly rehabilitate its undesirables has resulted in an overtly sexualized regime of repression. For those whose kinks run to leather and chrome, this book is a definite keeper.



**THE OY OF SEX:
JEWISH WOMEN
WRITE EROTICA**
Edited by Marcy Sheiner
Cleis Press: \$14.95

In *The Oy of Sex*, editor Marcy Sheiner gathers together a stellar cast of erotic authors to present the unexpected — an erotica anthology on a topic not yet covered. This anthology is a great

window into the sexuality and sensuality of the Jewish traditions, steamy enough to fog up your bedroom windows yet also interesting from an anthropological perspective. *Goyim* readers may need a Jewish friend to help explain some of the jokes and references, however.



NEPTUNE & SURF AND OTHER STORIES

By Marilyn Jaye Lewis
Masquerade: \$12.95

In *Neptune & Surf*, Lewis presents three novellas that are startlingly different in their topic and scope, ranging from interracial relationships to polyamorous, lesbian nuns to gang-raping, bisexual gangsters. But

beware! You may find yourself so intrigued by her characters and plot development that you may forget to masturbate — at least, the first time around.

HOT OFF THE NET

Edited by Russ Kick
Black Books: \$14.00

Russ Kick has delved into the psychic compost of Internet porn writing, where the forlorn fantasies of thousands of nerds and demi-nerds decompose, under a bacterial hail of bad writing and worse storytelling, into erotic mulch. Kick has sifted out startlingly fresh writing and genuinely new ideas. Not all of his more adventurous finds may be to the taste of readers who prefer conventional writing, but the book has a wide enough range of material to appeal to smut-lovers everywhere. *Hot Off The Net* doesn't just prove the Internet can harbor great sex writing, it shows there's plenty of room left for experimentation in porn, whatever the medium. It's a challenge to smut-crafters everywhere.

TOO BEAUTIFUL

By Mark Pritchard
Masquerade: \$7.95

Too Beautiful is a very hot, very literate collection of bi erotica from Mark Pritchard. Continuing the high standards he set with his magazine *Frighten the Horses*, Pritchard delivers a captivating bouquet of bisexual erotic fiction. Designed to stimulate the intellect as much as the genitalia, Pritchard's stories

range from simple pick-ups in queer bars to poignant liaisons in a whorehouse to furtive sex between fugitives in a seedy underworld of drugs and guns. With *Too Beautiful*, Pritchard captures the multiple personalities of queer San Francisco in the 1990s as he has known and experienced them. City residents will recognize it intimately; and strangers to San Francisco will finish the book with a taste of the City on their lips and a breath of it in their lungs.



EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT US

California, Iowa Enact Landmark Measures for Queer Rights

California Gov. Gray Davis has signed three measures extending equal rights to BGLT people. AB 26 will allow same-sex couples and unmarried opposite-sex couples who are at least 62 years old to register as domestic partners with the Secretary of State's office. Domestic partners will have hospital visitation rights, and state and local government employers who contract with the Public Employees Retirement System will be allowed to offer health benefits to domestic partners of employees.

AB 537 will outlaw harassment or discrimination against bisexual, gay or lesbian students in public schools, and is consistent with the current "hate crimes" statute. And AB 1001 strengthens existing laws against sexual orientation discrimination in employment and housing and moves them to the appropriate place in the books.

In fact, California led all 50 states in the passage of pro-BGLT measures in 1999, a report by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force said. But the bad news was that Missouri remains the only state to pass a strong anti-hate crimes law including sexual orientation and gender identity. And only Nevada has passed a civil rights law covering BGLT people.

The NGLTF cited the overturning of bans on same-sex couples adopting children in California, Missouri, Nevada and New Hampshire. 1999 was the first year state bills favorable to BGLT people outweighed unfavorable bills, 309 friendly bills to 232 hostile ones.

Another NGLTF study said 65.2 million Americans now live under state laws barring sexual orientation discrimination, up from 11.9 million Americans in 1990.

But a paltry three counties, 20 cities and one state (Minnesota) prohibited discrimination based on gender identity in private employers. By contrast, 100 cities and 18 counties prohibited private employers from discriminating based on sexual orientation. And the average size of a city banning sexual orientation discrimination in the workplace dropped from 362,696 in the 1970s to 225,541 today.

Meanwhile, Iowa Gov. Tom Vilsack signed an executive order banning discrimination in state employment based on "race, creed, color, religion, national origin, gender, gender identity, sexual orientation, age, marital status, or physical or mental disability." BGLT groups hailed the inclusion of transgendered people in the Iowa ordinance.

"This is a great first step toward equality for all gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered Iowans," said Peg Sandeen, spokeswoman for the Iowa Coalition for Human Rights. The Iowa Coalition for



Human Rights and the Gay and Lesbian Caucus of the Iowa Democratic Party worked with Gov. Vilsack in making the executive order a reality.

Kerry Lobel, executive director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, joined Sandeen in praising the governor's actions. "The true test of democracy is how it embraces those who look, act and think differently, not just those who are the same," Lobel said. "Governor Vilsack's visionary move demonstrates what political leadership is all about."

Voters in Falmouth, ME and Spokane, WA defeated proposals to undo civil rights ordinances banning discrimination based on sexual orientation in employment, housing, credit, education and public accommodations. But in Greeley, CO, voters defeated an initiative banning discrimination based on orientation.

(Source: NGLTF releases)

TX Court Says Sex Reassignment Surgery Does Not Alter Gender

The Fourth Court of Appeals in San Antonio, TX ruled that Christie Lee Littleton remained a man even after a sex-change operation. The ruling establishes a legal precedent that a person's gender cannot be changed by sex reassignment surgery.

The court said Littleton doesn't have the standing of a spouse in a wrongful death lawsuit because her marriage was a same-sex marriage and therefore invalid under Texas law.

(Source: GenderPAC)

Queer Military Rights Move Forward, Backwards

The European Court of Human Rights found that Great Britain's ban on gay and lesbian personnel in its armed forces violates the European Human Rights Convention and ordered the British government to drop the policy.

Prime Minister Tony Blair's government had expected the ruling and said it would abide by it. BGLT groups on both sides of the Atlantic welcomed the move and predicted it would speed reform of the U.S. military's posture.

Meanwhile, U.S. presidential hopeful Bill Bradley has criticized the Clinton Administration's "don't ask, don't tell" policy on gays in the military. Both Bradley and Al Gore have also come out

against California's anti-same-sex marriage Knight Initiative. However, both men have also staunchly declared their opposition to gay marriage.

Finally, President Clinton recently signed an executive order that increased penalties for bias crimes motivated by religion, race or sexual orientation in the military.

According to the Human Rights Campaign, this order will improve the climate for queer service members, but won't fix the damage wrought by the "DADT" policy.

(Source: DataLounge, HRC release)

Brandon Teena Civil Suit Won; County Sherriff Found "14% Responsible"

A judge has fixed part of the blame for the slain trans-teen's death on county sheriffs' actions, but that part is so small that it makes the murder seem trivial.

Murdered transgender person Brandon Teena (née Teena Brandon) has become almost a household name, as the subject of the dramatic film *Boys Don't Cry*, the documentary *The Brandon Teena Story*, the remarkable BRANDON interactive Internet art project, and numerous print and broadcast news reports. On December 6, Nebraska District Judge Orville Coady ruled in Falls City that Richardson County authorities were 14% responsible for Teena's wrongful death, in a lawsuit for which Teena's mother had had to go to the Nebraska Supreme Court to win a hearing.

JoAnn Brandon had sought \$350,000, charging that then-Richardson County Sheriff Charles Laux — now a County Commissioner — had allowed the two men who raped Teena on December 25, 1993 to remain at large and go on to kill Teena (and his friends Lisa Lambert and Philip DeVine) on December 31, 1993, as well as deliberately inflicting emotional distress on Teena while interviewing him when he reported the rape. Instead, Coady found there were total damages of \$86,224.20 (including funeral expenses), of which he levied \$17,360.97 on Richardson County. Although neither was named in the lawsuit, Coady found the murderers John Lotter (now awaiting execution) and Marvin "Tom" Nissen (now serving a life sentence) to be 85% responsible and liable for the rest — less the 1% Coady determined Teena was responsible for his own death. Teena's mother is likely to appeal the award,

which her attorney (who throughout the three-day trial in September referred to Teena as "she" and "the girl") charged trivialized Teena's life and death.

National Gay and Lesbian Task Force political director Rebecca Isaacs told the *Omaha World Herald* that, "To say that the county is negligent but that Brandon's life was worth almost nothing is a damaging ruling."

Coady did not find that Laux had intentionally inflicted emotional distress on Teena when he reported the rape, but did order the former sheriff to "apologize to Teena's family, her friends and to his community" for referring to Teena as an "it." An investigator had testified that Laux was "intimidating and abusive," an expert witness for Teena's estate had described Laux' approach (as recorded in an audiotape of the interview) as serving "to pour vinegar" in the rape victim's "open emotional sores," and the "Omaha World-Herald" described it as "forceful and sometimes bullying and crude" — but Laux' attorney had defended his manner as preparing Teena to serve as a trial witness against a hostile defense attorney.

Coady rejected the claim that arrests should have been made sooner, but ruled that the County should have made some effort to provide for Teena's safety, by providing either protective custody or transportation to his family in Lincoln. Tom Olberding, Chief

Deputy Sheriff in 1993, had wanted to arrest both killers on December 28, based on physical evidence at the scene as well as Teena's report, but Laux stopped him. Coady agreed with Laux that the then-sheriff could not have anticipated the slayings, and wrote that he and his colleagues "did not violate their duty by reason that they failed to timely arrest Nissen and Lotter. The length of the investigation was not unreasonable. Law enforcement officials cannot guarantee custody."

When the Nebraska Supreme Court granted Teena's estate standing to sue, after the case had twice been thrown out of lower courts, Judge Nick Caporale wrote, "Notwithstanding his knowledge of the threat to the victim's life, Laux informed the perpetrators of the victim's complaint. It seems to me that the moment the perpetrators were made so aware, Laux acquired a duty to protect the victim. If the allegations are proved, by talking with the perpetrators but not arresting them, Laux laid an essential link in the chain that led to the victim's death."

(Source: PlanetOut)

All news briefs have been culled from press releases sent to *Anything That Moves* by the named organizations or written by staff, and edited by ATM News Editor Charles Anders. To submit a press release, email it to:

press@anythingthatmoves.com

News only, please. We do not consider commercial products news. Thanks.

Ultra-Conservative British MP Back On Top Despite Same-Sex Affairs

It's OK to have had same-sex experiences in your youth — as long as you make homophobic comments today.

Or so the British Conservative Party seems to think. Former Defense Minister Michael Portillo, who has admitted to affairs with men in his youth, was returned to power in a Nov. 25 special election to a safe Conservative seat in Kensington and Chelsea. Then Portillo was named Shadow Chancellor, cementing his front-runner status to be the next head of the Conservative party.

Portillo, who lost his seat in the Tories' landslide 1997 defeat, had agitated strongly against pro-BGLT civil rights measures while in office. And he insists he still opposes measures such as BGLT participation in the armed forces today, based on the "national interest."

But Portillo admitted last September that he'd had affairs with men while a student at Cambridge University. Queer activists have

picketed Portillo's press conferences since his return to favor, but Portillo insists "I have nothing to fear from these people. Nobody in Britain should have anything to fear by telling the truth."

But allegations continued to come up that Portillo wasn't telling the truth at all. A former lover, Nigel Hart, said in interviews that Portillo's former affairs were more extensive than the Shadow Chancellor was admitting, and that Portillo had been actively bisexual for years after his student days, until he was engaged to Carolyn Eadie in 1981.

Hart said he met Portillo at a gay party. "There was a lot of flirting. The men were calling Michael 'Polly.' I felt he had other homosexual affairs. He wasn't experienced but he wasn't nervous. Sex was fun, but it was nothing remarkable."

Hart and Portillo stayed friends until 1994, when Hart rebuked Portillo for voting against lowering the age of consent for same-sex encounters.

One good thing to come out of Portillo's comeback: seven out of ten Brits say they'd vote for a prime minister who'd had same-sex experiences in the past, while six out of ten say they'd vote for an openly gay prime minister.

Meanwhile, the House of Lords struck down an attempt by the Labor government to revoke Section 28 of the 1988 Local Government Act, which bans local governments promoting homosexuality.

Advocates of reform say the law prevents teachers from putting a stop to homophobic bullying in schools.

Conservative leader William Hague said the "vast majority of parents up and down the land will be heaving a great sigh of relief" at this development.

(Source: *The Guardian*, *Datalounge*)

Planning on being in the Bay Area for Pride 2000?

This year, not only is *Anything That Moves* hosting a booth, we're also organizing a parade contingent — and we'd love to have you march with us! Our contingent is open to members and supports of the bisexual, transsexual, pansexual, queer and questioning community (and that means *you!*). For more information, leave a message for ATM Events Coordinators Kathryn Page and Jace Mills at (415) 626-5069, email them at events@anythingthatmoves.com, or simply keep an eye for updates about the parade contingent on our Web page, www.anythingthatmoves.com.

Pride 2000: It's About Freedom

So come celebrate your freedom to be who you are
with the staff of *Anything That Moves*!

National Medical Group Focuses On Bi African-American Males and AIDS

Doctors need to pay more attention to health issues involving bisexual men in the African-American community and their female partners, according to the National Medical Association (NMA), a leading group of African-American doctors.

So the NMA held a marathon symposium at its fall annual meeting that mostly dealt with African-American men and the impact of HIV/AIDS in the community. As of 1999, African-American women were the fastest growing segment of the population with HIV or AIDS; the NMA's symposium was the first to draw an explicit link between that grim statistic and behavioral bisexuality among African-American men.

"It's coming up in the community," said Walter W. Shervington, the symposium's organizer and newly elected president of the NMA. African-American and Latina women are becoming infected "off the scale," he said. "Heretofore, we were putting the women in the category of being drug abusers or having sex with drug abusers."

But even Shervington admitted his symposium didn't really get into the question of how to approach bisexual men. "The thrust of this was just to begin to talk about it," he said. The symposium was attended by about 75 physicians.

One conference participant, William Wedin, Ph.D., said he tried to dispel biphobia among physicians as a means of making bi men more comfortable identifying themselves in the doctor's office. Wedin, the executive director of the Bisexual Information and Counseling Service in New York, NY, gave a talk called "New Approaches to HIV Prevention with 'Invisible' Bisexuals and Their Families: It Starts in the Waiting Room."

According to Wedin, behavioral bisexuality is more prevalent among African American men than Caucasians. Often, he said, a man may go to his doctor's office and mention to the nurse that he has had unprotected anal sex. The man may get tested for HIV, but if he happens to ask the nurse if his female partner should get tested too, he may receive a really negative response. That may discourage him from coming back for his test results and counseling, leaving the nurse with the renewed impression that bisexual men are irresponsible.

Shervington said the conference in no way tried to demonize bisexual men by pinpointing them as a cause of infection among women. "We've long ago gotten away from demonizing gay men" in relation to AIDS, he pointed out.

Both Wedin and Shervington drew a link between behavioral bisexuality and incarceration. Shervington said public health officials need to "come together with correctional professionals" to discuss the problems of sex in prison. In particular, Wedin said, prisons often use finding a condom in a prisoner's cell as a reason for disciplinary action — even if that prison brags about its condom distribution program to outsiders.

"Sex goes on in prison, despite what people say," Shervington said. Most men who have sex in prison "don't see themselves as bisexual or homosexual," he added, so they don't realize they're putting their female partners at risk later. Any "single-sex isolated population," including migrant farm workers and the armed forces, "would be of concern," Shervington said. Another problem, according to Shervington, is users of non-injected drugs who "do what they have to do to score."

By Shervington's own admission, the dialogue that began at the NMA's meeting is just beginning. But Wedin hopes it will lead to a broadening of the bi movement's agenda away from white middle-class people towards under-served groups including minorities.

(By Charles Anders)



I G L H R C

International Gay and Lesbian Human Rights Commission
1360 Mission Street, Suite 200 • San Francisco, CA 94103 USA
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Ambiguous Genitalia Lead To Infant's Death

In an evolving case in Dallas, Texas, a mother has been charged with killing her own child on Dec. 8, 1999, simply because the child was born with ambiguous genitalia. The baby was three days old, and died of blunt force trauma to the head as well as strangulation.

Investigators were initially told that a stranger entered the apartment, grabbed the newborn from a couch and threw him outside while the father, Gangaudaya Kavali, was at the store and the mother, Aruna Kavili, was in the bathroom.

Dallas police have concluded that this was not the case, noting that their investigation has shown that the newborn was dead only three hours after his parents brought him home from the hospital. Further, physical evidence did not support the couple's account.

Investigators from Child Protective Services, who have custody of the parents' two-year-old daughter, have indicated that she appears to have knowledge of her sibling's death.

Mr. Kavali has not been charged.

(By Gwendolyn Ann Smith)

McKinney Found Guilty of Shepard Murder

A jury found Aaron McKinney guilty of felony murder, second-degree murder, aggravated robbery and kidnapping in the beating death of Matthew Shepard. Deliberation only took 10 hours. The defense portion of the trial was cut short when District Court Judge Barton Voigt barred McKinney's attorneys from presenting a "gay panic" defense, variations of which are prohibited under Wyoming state law. McKinney's counsel had no choice but to rest.

McKinney was sentenced to two consecutive life sentences. His conviction made him eligible for the death penalty, but he received life in prison in a deal with prosecutors, after Shepard's parents agreed to it, according to the Associated Press.

"I really don't know what to say other than that I'm truly sorry to the entire Shepard

family," AP quoted McKinney as telling the court. "Never will a day go by I won't be ashamed for what I have done."

(Source: DataLounge, HRC, Associated Press)

Republicans Kill Hate Crimes Bill

The Hate Crimes Prevention Act was removed from the Commerce, State and Justice appropriations bill at the behest of the Republican leadership in Congress. The HCPA had passed the Senate in July as part of that appropriations bill, but was left out of the House version and removed from the compromise bill created in a House-Senate conference.

The HCPA would expand current federal hate crimes protection, which covers race, religion, color and national origin, to include gender, sexual orientation and disability.

According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Uniform Crime Reports for 1998, hate crimes based on sexual orientation increased 12.5 percent from 1997 to 1998. Such crimes have nearly tripled since 1991, to account for 16 percent of all hate crimes in 1998. A February 1999 Gallup poll showed 70 percent of Americans favor tougher hate crime laws.

Meanwhile, BGLT groups hailed the House's vote to expand Medicare and Medicaid so that people living with disabilities could return to work without losing health coverage. This will benefit people living with HIV and AIDS by allowing them to contribute their skills and talents without falling victim to a "Catch-22" situation, groups said.

(Source: NGLTF and HRC releases)

Vermont Moves Forwards, Hawai'i Backwards Over Same-Sex Marriage

The Vermont Supreme Court ruled that the state must provide the benefits of marriage to same-sex couples, a major breakthrough for BGLT families. The ruling requires the state to give same-sex couples the same benefits

and protections it gives married couples, but doesn't actually allow them to marry.

Vermont was also the first state to offer domestic partner benefits to state workers, one of the first states to recognize second-parent adoptions and one of the first states to ban discrimination based on sexual orientation. But the state's governor is already under pressure from right wing groups including radio host Dr. Laura Schlessinger to undo the court's action.

But the Denver Post reported the Colorado Legislature had passed a Republican-sponsored ban on same-sex marriage in the state, with the House of Representatives following the state Senate's lead. A spokesman for Gov. Bill Owens said the governor planned to sign the bill. And Utah's Senate voted to ban adoption by unmarried couples, including BGLT couples.

Meanwhile, Canada's parliament overwhelmingly approved the first of many votes on a bill to give same-sex couples in Canada the same benefits as common-law spouses. The bill passed 161 to 60 on its second reading, and now must pass through the Commons justice committee, where Reform Party members will try to add a "standard definition of marriage."

Meanwhile, Hawai'i took a big step backwards as its Supreme Court ruled that the state's recently enacted constitutional amendment allowing the Legislature to limit marriage to opposite-sex couples renders moot the long-running litigation seeking to grant state recognition of same-sex marriages. At the same time, the Court acknowledged the Hawai'i constitution prohibits discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

The amendment, passed in November 1998 by a 2-1 margin, was placed on the ballot by the state legislature to undermine the case for same-sex marriage being heard by the state's Supreme Court. The primary group that supported the amendment, Save Traditional Marriage, received a \$600,000 contribution from the Mormon Church in the closing weeks of the campaign to supplement the \$850,000 they had already spent.

They were assisted by two additional media campaigns supporting the amendment. One, sponsored by James Dobson's Focus on the Family, asserted that a yes vote was for "traditional marriage," and a no vote was for "homosexual marriage." The other campaign, sponsored by a group called Pro-Family Hawai'i, emerged in the last 10 days of the

campaign and portrayed same-sex marriage as a threat to Hawai'i's tourism industry. Their ads claimed that Hawai'i would become the "homosexual honeymoon capital of the world," and drive heterosexual Japanese and mainland tourists, on which the economy is dependent, from the state.

(Source: NGLTF and HRC releases)

Bi Activism Conference Planned for April in DC

Washington, DC activist group Bisexual Insurgence will host Bi2K, a one-day conference on bisexual activism at the local level.

Planned for Saturday, April 29 to coincide with the Millennium March on Washington, the conference is expected to attract both marchers and people who hadn't planned on attending the march.

The conference will start at 10:30 with a plenary panel featuring bisexual activists Robyn Ochs, editor of the *Bisexual Resource Guide*, and Deb Kolodny of BiNet USA, among others. After lunch, hands-on workshops will be offered. In the evening, Bi Insurgence will host a party for bisexuals and friends. Bi Insurgence is offering a special low \$25 registration fee until March 5th.

For more information, see their Web site, www.bisexualinsurgence.org/bi2k.

Exxon Denies Domestic Partner Benefits After Merge With Mobil

A statement by newly merged Exxon Mobil Corp. to deny domestic partner benefits to newly hired employees should serve as a wake-up call to every consumer and every worker concerned about workplace equity, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force said. Exxon Mobil officials said the company would only extend domestic partner benefits to both same-sex and opposite-sex former Mobil employees who were receiving benefits before the two companies merged. Workers who were with Exxon before the merger will continue to be ineligible to receive the benefits, as will newly hired workers by Exxon Mobil.

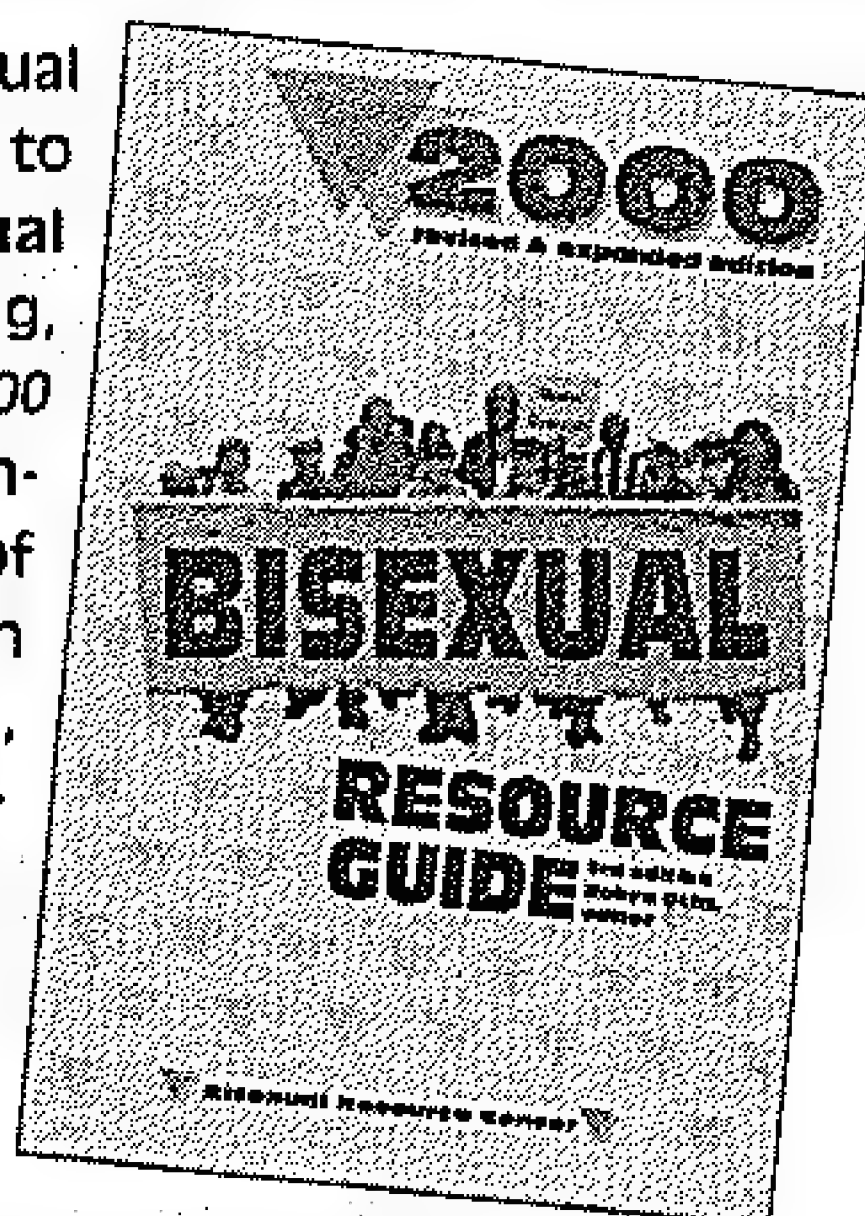
The NGLTF said this decision went against the concept of "equal work for equal pay," since benefits comprise as much as 40% of a worker's salary. Exxon-Mobil's decision would hurt the company by turning away equality-minded consumers and potential employees.

Meanwhile, a report released by the NGLTF's Policy Institute says most Americans support gay rights. In recent polls, 70% of Americans support the right of gays and lesbians to serve in the military, up from 55% in 1992. Half of Republican voters support anti-discrimination laws for same-sex couples, despite their own party's opposition to them. So do 74% of Democrats and 65% of Independents, according to the report by Columbia University political scientist Alan Yang.

(Source: NGLTF release)

Announcing The New BISEXUAL RESOURCE GUIDE 2000!

Editor Robyn Ochs and Boston's Bisexual Resource Center are thrilled and proud to present the 3rd edition of the *Bisexual Resource Guide*. Two years in the making, the guide has expanded to more than 300 pages, with 2100+ listings from 49 countries. Every kind of bisexual and bi-inclusive organization in the world is included: political groups, social gatherings, youth groups, bi people of color coalitions, religious centers, HIV/AIDS support, places to dance and sing, and more!



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The Bisexual Resource Center is a 501(c)(3) non-profit educational organization. All proceeds from the Guide support its publication costs and other BRC activities. Donations always welcome. Visit us at www.blresource.org.

Bi Columnist Joins PlanetOut Web Team

PlanetOut, cyberspace's largest BGLT e-community, announced today that Michael Szymanski — author, activist, gossip queen — has joined its staff as columnist. The column, *Bi Focus*, is slated to be a monthly look at the media (movies, stage, TV, music, and books) from a bisexual perspective, according to PlanetOut, located at www.planetout.com. This marks the first time a bisexual column has existed on the previously gay-centric Web site.

(Source: BiPress)



SUPREME COURT CONTEMPLATES LEGALITY OF NUDE DANCING

In November, the Supreme Court heard a case dealing with the legality of nude dancing. At issue was whether dancers could be forced to wear pasties and G-strings while performing.

The case stems from a 1998 ruling by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that struck down an 1994 Erie ordinance banning nude dancing, saying that it was constitutionally protected expressive activity. That law made it illegal to appear nude in taverns, theaters, and similar establishments; the law was challenged by the owner of the Kandyland strip club and supported by two theatrical companies that argued that the law would prevent them from performing plays that contain nudity.

The Supreme Court last considered nude dancing in 1991. In that case, the justices ruled that nude dancers could be prosecuted under public indecency laws, but the court was sharply divided. Erie officials argued that the state court's ruling contradicted the 1991 decision. However, the 1991 ruling applied to public nudity in general while the Erie ordinance targeted entertainment venues, raising the issue of content-based discrimination.

The American Civil Liberties Union weighed in on the case, saying, "The government must point to something more

Who's Watching Big Brother?

by Liz Highleyman

than an interest in 'morality' to justify a burden on the right to freedom of expression." Fourteen state attorneys general argued that local and state governments should be empowered to set their own laws regarding public indecency. The Supreme Court typically renders verdicts in June.

FUROR OVER BROOKLYN MUSEUM EXHIBIT

Last September, New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani cut funding for the Brooklyn Museum of Art and attempted to terminate its lease due to an exhibit entitled "Sensation."

Among the controversial pieces was a portrait of the Virgin Mary by Chris Ofili that included elephant dung, and a maggot-infested cow's head. Catholics protested the former, while animal rights groups protested works featuring dead animals; these protesters were countered by others who supported the exhibit.

On September 30, the city filed suit to revoke the museum's lease. The museum's board of trustees voted to go ahead with the exhibit, which opened October 2, and sued the city in federal court to prevent the mayor from freezing its funding. The museum's attorney, Floyd Abrams, said "Under the First Amendment, this museum may not be punished for offering to the public an entirely lawful exhibition." The controversy fueled the exhibit's popularity, with attendees waiting in 90-minute lines to see the show. A *New York Daily News* poll showed that 60% of New Yorkers opposed Giuliani's actions. The federal court subsequently blocked the mayor's withdrawal of funding.

CHARGES DROPPED IN "SAN DIEGO SIX" S/M TRIAL

On February 1, the San Diego Deputy City Attorney announced that the city would not further pursue charges against six defendants arrested during a vice raid on a private S/M play party in October. The defendants were cited for lewd conduct or public nudity. The first defendant, Cricket Watkins, was arraigned on charges of "lewd acts" and offered a plea bargain involving a guilty plea, a \$500 fine, and three years probation; she declined in favor of a jury trial.

Watkins' trial began January 24. Two days later, the jury returned a 12-0 verdict in Watkins' favor. Following the trial, members of the jury told the prosecuting and defense attorney that they believed the prosecution's case was weak and that the vice raid was a "waste of time." The trials of the remaining five defendants had been scheduled to take place in late February, but after the city's loss in the first case, the city attorney declined to proceed with the rest of the trials. According to Watkins, "The system actually worked this time."

GAY ACTIVISTS MEET WITH AOL

At a meeting on November 9, representatives from BGLT groups — including the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Discrimination (GLAAD), the Human Rights Campaign, P-FLAG, and PlanetOut — met with Internet service provider America Online (AOL) to discuss issues of concern to the queer community.

AOL came under fire in October for deleting the member profile of a gay

member in Texas because it contained the words "submissive bottom." AOL officials allegedly told the member that his profile violated the company's terms of service. The company says it does not screen profiles, but rather relies on complaints from other users. AOL opponents claim that the company concerns itself more with sexually explicit material than it does with hate speech. A survey by Internet consulting firm Wired Strategies revealed more than 80 member profiles that referred to "fags" in insulting or threatening terms.

The November meeting was reportedly scheduled months previously and was not called to address the censorship complaints. AOL angered some gay advocates by refusing to provide an agenda or a list of invited participants prior to the meeting. Although neither AOL nor the participants have been particularly forthcoming about what transpired, GLAAD's Joan Garry did said that AOL was very responsive to concerns raised by her organization and "brought the right people to the table."

FROM HATE TO LOVE

In August, computer hackers transformed the anti-gay Web site of Fred Phelps and his Westboro Baptist Church, directing its controversial URL, www.godhatesfags.com, to point to www.godlovesfags.com, a pro-gay Web site. Kris Haight, the owner of godlovesfags.com, said he received an anonymous email advising him to pay attention to the InterNIC registration information for godhatesfags.com. On Aug. 18, Haight was given the opportunity to change the registration information to transfer ownership of that domain to himself; the godhatesfags.com address was then altered to re-route visitors to the godlovesfags.com site. Haight stated that he did not know who originated the change of ownership. Traffic to the pro-gay site increased exponentially after news of the transfer hit Internet email lists and news sites. Fred's daughter, Shirley Phelps-Roper, minimized the impact of the transfer; the site was returned to the bigots' control within a couple of days.

NO EVOLUTION IN KANSAS

Last August, the Kansas Board of Education voted 6-4 to institute a new standard for science curricula for elementary and high schools that eliminates evolution of new species as a basic principle. Board member Scott Hill said, "There's a liberal agenda to build up or glorify evolution in our schools." Individual schools can still teach about evolution, but knowledge of evolution will not be required to pass state tests. Opposing school board member William Wagnon countered, "In removing an important concept like evolution from life sciences and biology, (students) are going to go essentially crippled." Others predicted that the state's students would be handicapped on college entrance exams, and the president of the state's six public universities said the new standard would "set Kansas back a century." In 1925, evolution was at issue in Tennessee in the "Scopes Monkey Trial," in which the state convicted a teacher of breaking a law banning the teaching of evolution.

NEW NET PORN RESTRICTIONS IMPOSED IN AUSTRALIA

Last May, the Australian legislature passed a law banning sexually explicit and violent material on the Internet; the legislation went into effect January 1. The Online Content Law applies the Australian Office of Film and Literature Classification's existing film and book ratings to electronic communications. The legislation, which will be enforced by the Australian Broadcasting Authority, requires that Internet service providers (ISPs) remove Australian sites containing explicit material and provide software to block content that originates in other countries. The ABA said it would rely on complaints about offending material.

ISP representatives say the rules are technologically unworkable. During debate over the legislation, Communications, Information Technology and Arts Minister Richard Alston suggested that opponents were "making it easier for pedophiles, drug-pushers, racists, and criminals to pollute the Internet."

Australian gay and lesbian organizations oppose the legislation, fearing that it could be used to censor sites with queer content.

Rodney Croome of the Australian Council for Lesbian and Gay Rights said, "Every small-minded and homophobic bigot in the country will be able to haul a whole range of gay and lesbian organizations before the authorities and force us to justify our presence on the Internet." The Australian Computer Society said that the law would make Australia "the laughingstock of the world."

During the first month the law was in effect, the ABA received some 30 complaints and issued four "take-down" orders. One of the targeted sites, www.teenager.com.au, responded by redirecting site visitors to content servers in the U.S.

Liz Highleyman is a freelance journalist and health educator. She is associate editor of the anthology Bisexual Politics: Theories, Queries and Visions (Haworth Press, 1995).



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About BABN

The Bay Area Bisexual Network is an alliance of bisexual and bi-supportive groups, individuals, and resources in the San Francisco Bay Area. BABN sponsors a speakers' network of bisexuals from diverse backgrounds, races, lifestyles, and cultures who speak on all topics and issues concerning bisexuality. Call 415-703-7977, voice mail box #1, or write BABN at 2261 Market St., #496, San Francisco, CA 94114-1600.

BIS BEYOND THE BAY

AUSTRALIAN BISEXUAL NETWORK: National information, support, advocacy and social network for bi men, women, partners/families, and bi and bi-friendly groups. P.O. Box 490, Lutwyche, Brisbane, QLD 4030. www.ozemail.com.au/~ausbinet/index.html

BINET USA: National bisexual network dedicated to visibility, resource sharing, and political activism toward a multicultural, co-gendered, bisexual community. Quarterly newsletter, conferences. Info: 4201 Wilson Blvd., #110-311, Arlington, VA 22203-19859 USA. 202-986-7186.

BISEXUAL RESOURCE CENTER: Projects include The Bisexual Archives and the Bisexual Resource Office. P.O. Box 400639, Cambridge, MA 02140 USA. 617-424-9595.

GLASGOW BISEXUAL NETWORK: Social support

and health information for bisexuals and their supporters in Glasgow, Scotland, UK. Volunteers and bifriendly folks needed to help run the group. Regular social meetings at the Gay & Lesbian Centre, 11 Dixon St., Glasgow. For more information, contact: Dominic Aveyard, GBN Group Coordinator, 127 Glenhead St., Park-house, Glasgow, Scotland, UK, G22-6DQ. 0141-336-4548 evenings and weekdays.

GRUPO TRIANGULO ROSA: To help the human rights of BGLT people, struggle against discrimination, help coordinate a Central American movement for the rights of sexual minorities, and prevent HIV. Apartado Postal 1619-4050, Alajuela, Costa Rica. 506-23-2411.

MOSCOW BI-SEX CLUB: Union for people with unorthodox desires. Looking for international contacts, ideas, support. P.O. Box N3, Moscow Russia 123308.

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST BISEXUAL NETWORK: A packet of materials of interest to bisexuals, including a newsletter, is available from the Unitarian Church by sending \$10 to UUBN, P.O. Box 10818, Portland, ME 04104 USA.

WAZOBIA: For women who love women and men who love men however they may self-identify, BGLT or questioning people from continental Africa. P.O. Box 255, New York, NY 10116 USA. 212-690-3705.

Anything That Moves is interested in listing international bisexual resources and projects that involve the entire community. To list your organization, please send complete contact information to:

Bi Resources Listings
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Anything That Moves welcomes unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, and illustrations. We are particularly interested in work by bi-, pan- or similar-sexuals, people of color, transgender- or transsexual-identified, those who are differently abled, and those challenged by AIDS or HIV, as well as material not previously published and/or from new or unpublished writers.

WRITERS:

ATM accepts submissions such as literary, film, theater, and music reviews; fiction; non-fiction commentary and feature articles; and news reports on the bisexual community or individuals.

FEATURES & INTERVIEWS: *ATM* publishes features relating to any angle of bisexual life — cultural, lifestyle, spiritual, sexual, health, relationship, political... you name it. Please, 2,500 words or less.

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All submissions must be accompanied by a cover letter that includes a brief (30 words or less) biography of the writer and a listing of submissions by title. Please indicate if the contribution has been published or submitted for consideration elsewhere.

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at the ladies
funny
hair! Shh!

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lady's got
pink
hair don't stare
dear

yes,
how silly

Mummy, she
looks stupid

ha
ha
ha

Mum,
look at the
funny
lady

Yuk, look
at her
hair

shut up
before
I shut
you up

Mum!

Yours'll go
like it
if you
keep on

Kids
today,

Pink
hair
mum

when you're
older you
can do
that too

Pink
Pink
Pink
Pink

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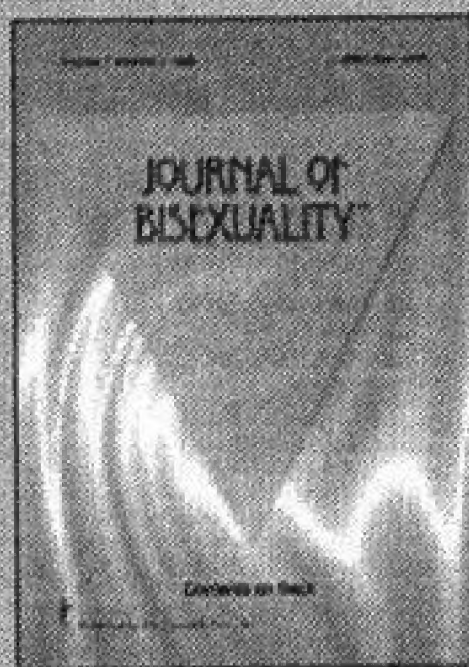
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